The Spanish Tragedy

OR,

Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bellimperia*; with the pittifull death of *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new Additions of the *Painters* part, and others, as it hath of late been diuers times acted.

LONDON,
Printed by W. White, and are to be sold by I. White and *T. Langley* at their Shop ouer against the Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.

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ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Reuenge.

Ghost.

Hen this eternall substaunce of my Soule,
Did liue imprisond in my wonted flesh;
Each in their function seruing others need,
I was a Courtier in the *Spanish* Court;
My name was *Don Andrea*; my discent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre.
To gracious Fortunes of my tender youth:
For there, in prime and pride of all my yeares,
By dutious Seruice, and deserning Loue,
In secret, I possest a worthy Dame,
Which hight sweete *Belimperia* by name;
But in the Harueſt of my Sommer ioyes,
Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my Bliſſe,
Forcing diuorce betwixt my Loue and mee.
For in the late Conflict with *Portingale*,
My Valour drew me into Dangers mouth,
Till life to death, made paſſage through my Wounds.
When I was ſlaine, my Soule descended ſtraight,
To paſſe the flowing ſtreame of *Acheron*,
But churliſh *Charon*, onely Boatman there,
Said, that my rites of Burriall not performde,
I might not ſit amongſt his Paſſengers.
Ere *Sol* had ſlept three nights in *Thetis* lappe,
And ſlackt his ſmoaking Chariot in her flouds,
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marſhals ſonne,
My Funerals and Obſequies were done.
Then was the Ferry-man of Hell content,
To paſſe mee ouer to the ſlimie Strond,
That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues,
There pleaſing *Cerberus*: with honied ſpeach,

I past the Perils of the formost Porch:
Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*:
To whom no sooner gan I make approach,
To craue a Pasport for my wandring Ghost,
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew foorth the manner of my life and death.
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd and died in loue,
And for his loue, tried fortune of the Warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
Why then (said *Eacus*) conuey him hence,
To walke with Louers in our Fields of Loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Vnder greene Mirtle trees and Cypers shades.
No, no, (sayd *Rhadamant*) it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martialist,
Hee died in Warre, and must to Martiall fields:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* Mermedons to scoure the plaine.
Then *Minos*, mildest censoret of the three,
Made this deuice, to end the difference:
Send him (quoth hee) to our infernall King,
To doome him as best seemes his Maiestie.
To this effect, my Pasport straight was drawne,
In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,
Trough dreadfull shapes of euer blooming night,
I saw more sights then thousand Tongues can tell,
Or Pennes can write, or mortal Hearts can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,
Was ready way vnto the foresaid Field,
Where Louers liue, and bloody Martialistes:
But either sort containde within his bounds:
The lefthand Path, declyning fearefully,
Was readie downefall to the deepest Hell,
Where bloody Furies shakes their Whippes of Steele,
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endlesse Wheele:
Where Vsurers are choakt with melting Gold,
And Wantons are imbraste with ougly Snakes,

And

And Murderers greeue with euer-killing wounds,
And periurd wights sealded in boyling Lead,
And all foule sinnnes with torments ouer whelmd:
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Elician* Greene:
In midst whereof, there stanstes a stately Tower,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant:
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my Passport humbled on my knee:
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
I begd that onely, shee might giue my doome:
Pluto was pleasd, and seald it with a kisse.
Foorth-with *Reuenge* she rounded thee in th'eare,
And bade thee lead me through the Gates of Horrour:
Where Dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but wee were heere,
(I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye.

Reuenge.

THen know *Andrea*, that thou art arriued
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Balthazar the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriu'd of life by *Balimperia*,
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, and Hieronimo.

King. Now say, Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?

Gen. All well (my soueraigne Liege) except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.

King. But what portends thy chearefull countinance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speake man, hath Fortune giuen vs victorie?

Gene. Victorie (my Liege) and that with little losse.

King. Our *Portingales* will pay vs Tribute then?

Gene. Tribute, and wonted Homige therewithall.

Gene. Then blest the Heauen, and guider of the Heauens,
From whose faire influence, such iustice flowes:

Cast. *O multum dilecto Deo, tibi militat æthur,*
Et conspirato curuato poplite genes:

Succumbat: recti fauor est victoria iuris.

King. Thankes to my louing Brother of *Castile*,
But *Generall*, vnfold in briefe Discourse
Your forme of Battaile, and your Warres successe,
That adding all the pleasure of thy newes
Vnto the height of former happinesse,
With deeper wage, and greater dignitie,
We may reward thy blisfull Chiualrie.

Gen. Where *Spaine* and *Portingale* doe ioynely knitte
Their Frontires, leaning on each others Bound:
There mette our Armies in their proude array:
Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare:
Both menacing alike with dating Showes,
Both vaunting sundry Colours of deuice,
Both chearely sounding Trumpets, Drummes, and Fifes:
Both raysing dreadfull Clamors to the Skie,
That Vallies, Hilles, and Riuers, made rebound,
And Heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.
Our Battailes both were pitcht in quadron forme,
Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of Shot:
But ere we ioynd and came to push of Pike,
I brought a Squdron of our readiest Shot
From out our Reareward, to begin the fight:
They brought another Wing to encounter vs:
Meane while, our Ordinaunce played on either side,
And Captaines strout to haue their valours tride:
Don Pedro their chiefe Horsemens Coronell,
Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,
To breake the Order of our Battaile rankes:
But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of Warre,
Marcht foorth against him with our Muskatires,
And stops the malice of his fell approach,
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro:
Both Battailes ioyne, and fall to handy blowes:
Their violent Shot resembling th'*Ocean* rage,
When roaring loude, and with a swelling tyde,
It beates vpon the rampires of huge Rockes,
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding Lands:

Now

Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters Haile,
And shiuered Launces, dark'd the troubled Ayre.

Pede Pes, & cuspide cuspis,
Anni sonant annis, vir petitur que viro.

On euery side drop Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maimde, some slaine outright:
Heere falles a Body sundered from his Head,
There Legs & Armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with Weapons, and vnbowed Steedes,
That scattering, ouer-spread the purple Plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long houres and more,
The Victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In this maine Battaile made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayde, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthrzar* the *Portingales* young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encouragde them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine:
Braue man at Armes; but weake to *Balthazar*:
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breath'd out pround vaunts sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,
Prickt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-marshals Sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betweene these twaine the fight indurde;
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forc'd to yeeld him prisoner to his Foe.
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to death,
Till *Ppœbus*, wauing to the Westerne deepe,
Our Trumpeters were chargde to sound retreat.

King. Thankes good *L. Generall*, for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake.

Gives him his Chaine.

But tell me now, Hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No Peace (my Liege) but Peace conditionall,
That if with homage Tribute may be payde,
The furie of our forces will be stayde
And to that Peace, their *Viceroy* hath subscribde.

Gives the King a Paper.

And made a solemne Vow, that during life,
This Tribute shall be truely payde to *Spaine*.

King. These words, these deedes, become thy person well;
But now Knight Marshall, frolicke with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize.

Hiero. Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne Liege,
And soone decay, vnlesse he serue my Liege.

A Trumpet afarre off.

King. Nor thou, nor hee, shall die without rewatd.
What meanes this warning of the Trumpet sound?

Gen. This tels me, that your Graces men of Warre
Such as Warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royall Seate,
To shew themselues before your Maiestie:
For so I gaue them charge at my depart,
Whereby my demonstration shall appeare,
That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are safe returnd, and by their foes inricht.

The Armie meetes, Balthazar betweene Lorenzo and Horatio, captiue.

King. A gladsome sight, I long to see them heere.

They enter, and passe by.

Was that the warlike Prince of *Portingale*,
That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was (my Liege) the Prince of *Portingale*.

King. But what was hee, that on the other side
Held him by th'arme, as partner of the Prize?

Hiero. That was my Sonne (my gratious Soueraigne)
Of whom, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but will:
Hee neuer pleasd his Fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my heart with ouer-cloying ioyes.

King.

King. Goe, let them march once more about these Walles,
That hauing them, we may conferre and talke
With our braue Prisoner, and his double Guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,
That in our Victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exployt.
Bring hither the young Prince of *Portingale*,
The rest march on: But ere they be dismist,
Wee will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,
And on euery Leader ten; that they may know
Our Larges welcoms them. *Exeunt all but Balt. Lor. & Hor.*
Welcome *Don Balthazar*, Welcome Nephew:
And thou *Horatio*, thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy Fathers hard misdeeds,
In keeping backe the Tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know, that *Spaine* is honourable.

Balt. The trespasse that my Father made in Peace,
Is now contrould by fortune of the Warres:
And Cards once dealt, it bootes not aske why so?
His Men are slaine; a weakning to the Realme:
His Cullours ceazd; a blot vnto his name:
His Sonne distrest, a corsiue to his heart.
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. If *Balthazar*, if he obserues this Truce,
Our Peace will grow the stronger for these Warres.
Meane while, liue thou as though not in libertie,
Yet from bearing any seruile yoake:
For in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight, thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell mee, (for their holding, makes me doubt)
To which of these twaine, art thou Prisoner?

Lore. To mee, my Liege.

Hora. To mee my Soueraigne.

Lore. This hand first tooke the Courser by the Raines.

Hora. But first my Launce did put him from his Horse.

Lore. I ceaz'd his Weapon, and enioyd it first.

Hora. But firſt I forc'd him lay his Weapons downe.
King. Let go his arme vpon our Priuiledge. *Let him go.*
So, worthy Prince, to whither didſt thou yeeld?
Bal. To him, in curteſie: to this, perforce:
Hee ſpake me faire; this other gaue me ſtroakes;
Hee promiſde life; this other threatned death:
Hee wan my loue, this other conquered mee:
And truth to ſay, I yeeld my ſelfe to both.
Hiro. But that I know your Grace for iuſt and wiſe,
And might ſeeme partiall in this difference,
Inforſt by Nature, and by Law of Armes,
My tongue ſhould plead for young *Horatios* right.
Hee hunted well, that was a Lions death,
Not hee that in a garment wore his skinne;
So Hares may pull dead Lions by the Beard.
King. Content thee Marſhall, thou ſhalt haue no wrong:
And for thy ſake, thy Sonne ſhall want no right.
Will both abide the cenſure of my doome?
Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awardes.
Hor. Nor I, although I ſit beſide my right.
King. Then by my Iudgement, thus your ſtrife ſhall end;
You both deſerue, and both ſhall haue reward.
Nephew, thou took'ſt his Weapons and his Horſe;
His Weapons and his Horſe, are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didſt force him firſt to yeeld;
His Ranſome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoynt the ſumme, as you ſhall both agree.
But Nephew, thou ſhalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine eſtate beſt fitteth ſuch a gueſt.
Horatios Houſe were ſmall for all his traine:
Yet in regard thy ſubſtaunce paſſeth his,
And that iuſt guerdon may befall deſert,
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?
Bal. Right well (my Liege) if this prouiſo were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie;
Whom I admire and loue for Chiualrie.
King, *Horatio*, leaue him not, that loues thee ſo.

Now

Now let vs hence to see our Souldiers payde,
And feast our Prisoner as our friendly guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vice. Is our Embassadour dispatche for Spaine?
Alex. Two dayes (my Liege) are past since his depart.
Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?
Alex. I my good Lord.
Vice. Then rest we heere awhile in our vnrest,
And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes;
For deepest cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore sit I in Regall throne,
This better fits a wretches endles moane?
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therfore better then my state deserues. *Falls to the ground.*
I, I, this Earth, Image of Melancholy,
Seekes him whom Fates adiudged to miserie:
Heere let mee lie; now am I at the lowest.

Qui iacet in terra, non habet vnde cadat,
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil superest vt iam possit obesse mihi.

Yes, Fortune may bereaue mee of my Crownes
Heere take it now, let Fortune doe her worst,
She will not robbe mee of this sable weede:
O no, shee enuies none but pleasant things,
Such is the follie of dispightfull chaunce.
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deseartes;
So is she deafe, and heares not my laments:
And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad:
And therefore will not pittie my distresse.
Suppose that she could pittie mee, What then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands,
Whose foote standing on a rawling stone,
And Minde more mutable then fickle Windes?
Why waile I then where's hope of no redresse?
O yes! complayning makes my griefe seeme lesse.
My late Ambition hath distaind my Fayth:
My breach of Fayth, occasion'd bloodie Warres,
Those bloodie Warres, haue spent my Treasure,

And with my Treasure, my peoples Blood:
And with their Blood, my Ioy and best Beloued,
My best Beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to Warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue died for both:
My yeares were mellow, his but young and greene:
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt (my Liege) but still the Prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I but where?

Alex. In *Spaine* a Prisoner, by mischaunce of Warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his Fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common Law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no Lawes, that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransoms worth, will stay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued, the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flie faster still then good.

Vice. Tell mee no more of newes; for hee is dead.

Villup. My Soueraigne, pardon the Author of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be;
Mine eare is ready to receiue ill newes:
Mine heart growne hard gainst mischiefes batterie:
Stand vp I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth, which these mine eyes haue seene
When both the Armies were in Battaile ioyn'd,
Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne Renowne, did wondrous feates of Armes:
Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand,
In single fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro*, (that heere counterfeites
Vnder the colour of a dutious friend)
Discharg'd his Pistoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall:
But therewithall, *Don Balthazar* fell downe:
And when he fell, then wee began to flie:
But had he liu'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgerie: O trayterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace: But now *Villuppo* say,

Where

Where then became the Carkasse of my Sonne?
Villup. I saw them dragge it to the *Spanish* Tents.
Vice. I, I, my nightly Dreames haue told mee this.
Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull, trayterous beast,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't *Spanish* Gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchaunce because thou art *Terseras* Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to weare this Diademe,
If first my Sonne, and then my selfe, were slaine:
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke:
I, this was it that made thee spill his Blood.
He takes the Crowne, and put's it on againe.
But now Ile weare it till thy blood be spilt.
Alex. Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me speake.
Vice. Away with him, his sight is second Hell,
Keepe him till wee determine of his death.
If *Balthazar* be dead, hee shall not liue.
Villuppo, follow vs for thy reward.
Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,
Deceiued the King, betrayed mine enemie,
And hope for guerdon of my villanie. *Exit.*
Enter Horatio and Belimperia.
Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place, and howre,
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate
The circumstaunce of *Don Andreas* death:
Who liuing, was my Garlands sweetest Flower,
And in his death, hath buried my delights.
Hor. For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,
Ile not refuse this heauie dolefull charge:
Yet teares and sighes, (I feare) will hinder mee.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthie Chauilire amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause, still ayming at the fairest,
Was at the last, by young *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,

Their ſtrength alike, their ſtroakes both dangerous:
But wrathfull *Nemeſis*, that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* prayſe and worth,
Cut ſhort his life, to end his prayſe and worth;
Shee, ſhee, her ſelfe, diſguiſde in Armours maske,
(as *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
Brought in freſh ſupply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his Horſe, and dingd him to the ground:
Then young *Don Balthazar* with ruthleſſe rage,
Taking aduantage of his Foes diſtreſſe,
Did finiſh what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then, (though too late) incenſt with iuſt remorce,
I with my Band, ſet foorth againſt the Prince,
And brought him priſoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadſt ſlaine him, that ſlue my Loue:
But then, was *Don Andreas* Carkaſſe loſt?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly ſtroue,
Nor ſtept I backe, till I recouered him:
I tooke him vp, and wound him in my armes,
And welding him vnto my priuate Tent,
There laide him downe, and deawd him with my teares,
And ſighed and ſorrowed as became a friend:
But neither friendly ſorrowes, ſighes, nor teares,
Could win pale Death from his vſurped right.
Yet this I did, and leſſe I could not doe,
I ſaw him honoured with due Funerall:
This Scarfe pluckt off from his liueleſſe arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my Friend.

Bel. I know the Scarfe; would he had kept it ſtill,
For had he liued, he would haue kept it ſtill,
And worne it for his *Belimperias* ſake;
For twas my Fauour at his laſt depart:
But now weare it both for him and mee,
For after him, thou haſt deſerued it beſt:
But for thy kindneſſe in his life and death,
Be ſure while *Belimperia* life endures,
She will be *Don Horatios* thankefull friend.

Hor

Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire *Belimperia*.
But now if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile craue your Pardon to goe seeke the Prince,
For so the Duke your Father gaue me charge. *Exit.*

Bel. I, goe *Horatio*, leaue mee heere alone,
For solitude best fits my chearelesse mood:
Yet what auayles to wayle *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second Loue?
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,
He could not sit in *Belimperias* thoughts.
But how can Loue find harbour in my breast,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued?
Yes, second Loue shall further my reuenge;
Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend
The more, to spight the Prince that wrought his end.
And where *Don Balthazar*, that slew my Loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdaine,
Reape long repentance of his murderous deede:
For what wast else, but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,
Without respect of Honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, What meanes this melancholy walke?
Bel. That for a while I wish no companie.
Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visit you.
Bel. That argues that he liues at libertie.
Bal. No, Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.
Bel. Your Prison then (belike) is your Conceite.
Bal. I, by Conceite my freedome is enthralde.
Bel. Then with Conceite, enlarge your selfe againe.
Bal. What if Conceite haue laide my Heart to gage?
Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recouer it.
Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lies.
Bel. A heartlesse man, and liues? a miracle.
Bal. I lady, Loue can worke such miracles.

Lor. Tuſh, tuſh my Lord, let goe theſe ambages,
And in plaine tearmes, acquaint her with your loue.
Bel. What bootes complaint, when there's no remedie.
Bal. Yes to your gracious ſelfe muſt I complaine,
In whoſe faire anſwere, lies my remedie:
On whoſe perfection, all my thoughts attend,
On whoſe aſpect, mine eyes find beauties bower:
In whoſe tranſlucent breaſtes, my heart is lodged.
Bel. Alaſſe (my Lord) theſe are but words of courſe,
And but deuiſ'd to driue me from this place.

She going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio comming out, takes vp.

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.
Bel. Thankes good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.
Bal. Signior *Horatio* ſtoop'd in happy time.
Hor. I reap'd more grace then I deſeru'd, or hop'd.
Lor. My Lord, be not diſmayde for what is paſt,
You know that Women oft are humerous:
Theſe Cloudes will ouer-blow with little Winde;
Let mee alone, Ile ſcatter them my ſelfe:
Meane while, let vs deuiſe to ſpend the time
In ſome delight-ſome ſports and reuelling.
Hor. The King (my Lord) is comming hither ſtraight,
To feaſt the *Portingale* Embaſſadour:
Things were in readineſſe before I came.
Bal. Then heere it fittes vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embaſſadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embaſſadour.

King. See Lord Embaſſadour, how *Spaine* intreats
Their Priſoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes ſonne:
Wee pleaſure more in kindneſſe, then in Warres.
Embaſſ. Sad is our King, and *Portingale* laments,
Suppoſing that *Don Balthazar* is ſlaine.
Bal. So am I ſlaine by Beauties tyrannie:
You ſee (my Lord) how *Balthazar* is ſlaine:
I frolike with the Duke of *Caſtiles* Sonne,
Wrapt euery houre in pleaſures of the Court,

And

And grac'd with fauours of his Maiestie.
King. Put off your greetings till our Feast be done:
Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheare:
Sit to the Banquet.
Sit downe young Prince, you are our second Guest:
Brother, sit downe; and Nephew take your place:
Signior *Horatio*, waite thou vpon our Cuppe,
For well thou hast deserued to be honoured.
Now Lordings, fall too; *Spaine* is *Portingale*,
And *Portingale* is *Spaine*; Wee both are friends:
Tribute is payde, and we enioy our right.
But where is old *Hieronimo* our Marshall?
He promised vs in honour of our Guest,
To grace our Banquet with some pompous iest.
Enter Hieronimo with a Drumme; three Knights, each his Scutchin: then he fetches three Kings, they take their Crownes and them captiue.
Hieronimo, this Maske contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mysterie.
Hiero. The first arm'd Knight, that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scutchin and gines it to the King.
Was English *Robert* Earle of *Gloucester*,
Who when King *Stephen* bore sway in *Albion*,
Arriued with fiue and twentie thousand men
In *Portingale*, and by successe of Warre,
Enforced the King (then but a *Sarasin*)
To beare the yoake of the *English* Monarchie.
King. My Lord of *Portingale*, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.
But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next?
Hiero. The second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He doth as he did before.
Was *Edmond* Earle of *Kent* in *Albion*,
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem:
He came likewise and razed *Lisbon* Walles,
And tooke the King of *Portingale* in fight:
For which, and other such like seruice done,

Hee after, was created Duke of *Yorke*.

King. This is an other ſpeciall argument,
That *Portingale* may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little *England* hath been yoakt.
But now *Hieronimo*, what were the laſt?

Hiero. The third and laſt, not leaſt in our account,
Doing as he did before.
Was (as the reſt) a valiant *Engliſh*-man,
Braue *Iohn of Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
As by his Scutchin plainely may appeare:
Hee with a puiſſant Armie came to *Spaine*,
And tooke our King of *Caſtile* priſoner.

Embaſſ. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That *Spaine* may not inſult for her ſucceſſe,
Since *Engliſh* Warriours likewiſe conquered *Spaine*,
And made them bow their knees to *Albion*.

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleaſd both the Embaſſadour and mee:
Pledge mee *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.
Takes the Cuppe of Heratio.
My Lord, I feare we ſit but ouer long,
Ynleſſe our Dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the beſt we haue.
Now let vs in, that we may be diſpatcht,
I thinke our Counſell is already ſet. *Exeunt omnes.*

Andrea.
Come we for this, from deapth of vnder ground,
To ſee him feaſt, that gaue me my deaths wound?
Theſe pleaſant ſights, are ſorrow to my ſoule,
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting?

Reuenge.
Be ſtill *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,
Ile turne their Friendſhip into fell Deſpight:
Their Loue, to mortall Hate; their Day, to Night:
Their Hope into Deſpaire, their Peace to Warre:
Their Ioyes to Paine, their bliſſe to Miſerie.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Belimperia* seeme thus coy,
Let Reason hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time, the sauage Bull sustaines the Yoake:
In time, all haggard Hawkes will stoope to Lure:
In time, small Wedges cleaue the hardest Oake:
In time, the hardest Flint is pearst with softest Showers;
And shee in time, will fall from her disdaine,
And rule the sufferance of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withall,
Then Beast, or Bird, or Tree, or stonie Wall.
But wherefore blot I *Belimperia's* name?
It is my fault, not shee, that merites blame.
My Feature is not to content her sight:
My Words are rude, and worke her no delight:
The Lines I send her, are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from *Pan* and *Marsias* quill:
My Presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthlesse, all my labour's lost.
Yet might she loue me for my Valiancie:
I, but that's slaundered by Captiuitie.
Yet might she loue me, to content her Sire:
I, but her Reason maisters her Desire.
Yet might she loue me, as her Brothers Friend:
I, but her Hopes ayme at some other end.
Yet might she loue me, to vpreare her state:
I, but perhaps she hopes some Nobler mate.
Yet might she loue me, as her Beauties thrall:
I, but I feare she can not loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake, leaue these extasies,
And doubt not but weele finde some remedie;
Some cause there is, that lets you not be loued:
First, that must needes be knowne, and then remooued.
What if my Sister loue some other Knight?

STOAKLEY CAMBRIDGE

Bal. My Sommers day, will turne to Winters night.

Lor. I haue alreadie found a stratageme,
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you shall be ruld by mee,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or see:
By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this Question out.
Ho, *Pedringano!*

Pedr. Signior. *Enter Pedringano.*

Lor. *Vien que preste.*

Pedr. Hath your Lordship any seruice to commaund mee?

Lor. I *Pedringano*, seruice of import.
And not to spend the time in trifling Words,
Thus stands the case. It is not long (thou knowest)
Since I did shield thee from my Fathers wrath,
For thy conueyance in *Andreas* loue:
For which, thou wert adiudged to punishment;
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee:
Now to these fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire Words, but store of golden Coyne,
And Lands and Liuings, ioynd with Dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demaund;
Tell truth, and haue mee for thy lasting friend.

Pedr. What ere it be, your Lordship shall demaund,
My bounden duetie bids mee tell the truth,
If case in mee it lyes to tell the truth.

Lore. Then *Pedringano*, this is my demaund,
Whom loues my Sister *Belimperia*,
For shee reposeth all her trust in thee?
Speake man, and gaine both friendship and reward:
I meane, Whom loues shee in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alasse my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credite with her as before:
And therefore know not if shee loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe; *Drawes his sword.*
And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win:
Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales:

Thou

Thou dieſt for more eſteeming her, then me.

Ped. Oh, ſtay my Lord.

Lor. Yet ſpeake the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And ſhield thee from what euer can enſue,
And will conceale what ere proceedes from thee:
But if thou dally once againe, thou dieſt.

Ped. If Madame *Belimperia* be in loue,

Lor. What villaine, ifs and ands?

Ped. Oh, ſtay my Lord! ſhee loues *Horatio.*

Balthazar ſtarts backe.

Lor. What, *Don Horatio* our Knight-marſhall ſonne?

Ped. Euen him, my Lord.

Lor. Now ſay, but how knoweſt thou that he is her loue,
And thou ſhalt find me kind and liberall?
Stand vp I ſay, and fearleſſe tell the truth.

Ped. She ſent him Letters, which my ſelfe peruſde,
Full fraught with lines and argu̇ments of Loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar.*

Lor. Sweare on this Croſſe, that what thou ſayeſt is true:
And that thou wilt conceale what thou haſt told.

Ped. I ſweare to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine Oath is true, heere's thy reward:
But if I prooue thee periurde and vniuſt,
This very Sword, whereon thou took'ſt thine Oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue ſayd, is true, and ſhall for me,
Be ſtill conceild from *Belimperia.*
Beſides, your Honors liberalitie,
Deſerues my dutious ſeruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou ſhalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where, theſe Louers meete,
And giue me notiſe, in ſome ſecret ſort.

Ped. I will, my Lord.

Lor. Then ſhalt thou find that I am liberall:
Thou know'ſt that I can more aduance thy ſtate,
Then ſhee; be therefore wiſe, and fayle me not.
Goe and attend her, as thy cuſtome is,
Leaſt abſence make her thinke thou doſt amiſſe. *Exit Ped.*

Why so? *Tam armis, quam legibus*
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes:
But Gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratagem?

Bal. Both well, and ill: I make me glad, and sad
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue:
Sad, that I feare she hates mee, whom I loue:
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged:
Sad, that sheele flie mee, if I take reuenge;
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For Loue refished, grow to impatient.
I thinke *Horatio* be my destin'd plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a Sword:
And with that Sword, he fiercely waged Warre,
And in that Warre, he gaue me dangerous Wounds,
And by those Wounds, he forced me to yeeld:
And by my yeelding, I became his Slaue.
Now in his mouth, he carries pleasing Words,
Which pleasing Words, doe harbour sweete Conceits,
Which sweete Conceits, smooth *Belimperias* Eares,
And through her Eares, diue downe into her Heart;
And in her Heart sets him, where I should stand:
Thus hath he tane my Body by his Force,
And now by Sleight, would captiuate my Soule:
But in his fall Ile tempt the Destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my Loue.

Lor. Lets goe, (my Lord) your staying stayes Reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Loue,
Her fauour must be won by his remoue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame:
And that with lookes and words we feed our thoughts,
Two chiefe contents, where more can not be had.
Thus in the midst of Loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments?

Pedringano shewes all to the Prince and Lorenzo, placing them in secret.

Bel. My Heart (sweete Friend) is like a Ship at Sea,
She wisheth Port, wherein she may repaire
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the Shoare, may sing with ioy,
That Pleasure follow Paine, and Blisse Annoy.
Possession of thy Loue, is the onely Port
Wherein my Heart with feares and hopes long tost,
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost.
And sitting safe, to sing in *Cupids* Quire,
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of Loues desire.

Balthazar and Lorenzo leaue.

Bal. O sleepe mine Eyes, see not my Loue prophand,
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my Discontent:
Die Heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine Eyes, to see the Loue diuine:
Heare still mine Eares, to heare them both lament:
Leaue Heart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speachlesse all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?

Hor. On Dangers past, and Pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On Pleasures past, and Dangers to ensue.

Bel. What Dangers, and what Pleasures dost thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of Warre, and Pleasures of our Loue.

Lor. Dangers of Death, but Pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let Dangers goe, thy Warre shall be with mee:
But such a Warring, as breakes no bond of Peace.
Speake thou faire Words, Ile crosse them with faire Words:
Send thou sweet Lookes, Ile meete them with sweet Lookes:
Write louing Lines, Ile answere louing Lines:
Giue me a Kisse, Ile counterchecke thy Kisse:
Be this our warring Peace, or peacefull Warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoynt the Field,
Where tryall of this Warre shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnes growes.

Bel. Then by thy Fathers pleasant Bower, the Field
Where first we vowde our mutuall amitie:

STOAKLEY

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our houre shall be, when *Vesper* gins to rise,
That summons home distressfull trauellers:
There none shall heare vs, but the harmlesse Birds,
Happily the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be ware,
And singing with the Prickle at her brest,
Tell our delight, and mirthfull dalliance.
Till then, each houre will seeme a yeare and more.

Hor. But Hony sweete, and honourable Loue,
Returne we now into your Fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waites on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with ielous dispight,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour, Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of *Castile*, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your Daughter *Belimperia*?

Cip. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time:
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my aduice;
Which is, to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of *Portingale*,
Aduise thy King to make this Marriage vp,
For strengthning of our late confirmed League:
I know no better meanes to make vs friends;
Her Dowrie shall be large and liberall:
Besides that, she is Daughter and haire
Vnto our Brother heere, *Don Ciprian*,
And shall enioy the moitie of his Land:
He grace her Marriage with an Vnckles gift.
And this it is, in case the match goe forward,
The Tribute which you pay, shall be releast:
And if by *Balthazar* she haue a Sonne,
Hee shall enioy the Kingdome after vs.

Embas. Ile make the motion to our Soueraigne liege,
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King.

King. Doe so (my Lord,) and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere, will honour vs,
In celebration of the Nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your Grace to command me ought beside?

King. Commende mee to the King; and so fare-well.
But where's Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leaue?

Emba. That is performde alreadie, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner;
And well his forwardnesse deserues reward:
It was *Horatio* our Knight-marshals sonne.

Emb. Betweene vs, there's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe, fare-well, my Lord.

Emb. Fare-well my Lord of *Castile*, and the rest. *Exit.*

King. Now Brother, you must take some little paine,
To win faire *Belimperia* from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:
If she neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate, and ours:
Therefore while I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affoords,
Endeauour you to win your Daughters thought:
If shee giue backe, all this will come to nought. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hora. Now that the night begins with sable winges
To ouer-cloud the brightnesse of the Sunne,
And that in darknesse pleasures may be done:
Come *Belimperia*, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee my Loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanos* fayth?

Bel. No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.
Goe *Pedringano*, watch without the Gate,

And let vs know if any make reproch.

Ped. In ſtead of watching, Ile deſerue more Gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Ped.*

Hor. What meanes my Loue?

Bel. I know not what my ſelfe:
And yet my Heart foretels me ſome miſchaunce.

Hor. Sweete, ſay not ſo: faire Fortune is our friend,
And Heauens haue ſhut vp day, to pleaſure vs:
The Starres (thou ſeeſt) hold backe their twinckling ſhine,
And *Luna* hides her ſelfe, to pleaſure vs.

Bel. Thou haſt preuailde, Ile conquer my miſdoubt,
And in thy loue and counſell, drowne my feare:
I feare no more, Loue now is all my thoughts.
Why ſit we not, for pleaſure asketh eaſe.

Hor. The more thou ſitſt within theſe leauie Bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her Flowers.

Bel. I, but if *Flora* ſpie *Horatio* heere,
Her ielous eye will thinke I ſit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madame how the Birdes record by night,
For ioy that *Belimperia* ſits in ſight.

Bel No, *Cupid* counterfeites the Nightingale,
To frame ſweete Muſicke to *Horatios* tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* ſing, then *Venus* is not farre:
I, thou art *Venus*, or ſome fairer Starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou muſt needes be *Mars*,
And where *Mars* raigneth, there muſt needes be Warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our Warres; put foorth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set foorth thy foote, to try the puſh of mine.

Hor. But firſt my lookes ſhall combat againſt thine.

Bel. Then ward thy ſelfe, I dart this Kiſſe at thee.

Hor. Thus I returne the Dart thou threwſt at mee.

Bel. Nay, then to gaine the glorie of the Field,
My twining Armes ſhall yoake, and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay, then my Armes are large and ſtrong withall:
Thus Eſmes by Vines are compaſt, till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayeſt thou read, that life in paſſion dyes.

Hor.

Hor. O ſtay awhile, and I will die with thee,
So ſhalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered mee.
Bel. Who's there, *Pedringano*? We are betrayde.
Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano diſguiſed.
Lor. My Lord, away with her. *Take her aſide.*
O ſir, forbeare; your valour is already tride.
Quickly diſpatch my maiſters. *They hang him in the Arbour.*
Hor. What, will yee murder mee?
Lor. I thus, & thus: theſe are the fruits of loue. *They ſtab him.*
Bel. O ſaue his life, and let me die for him:
O ſaue him Brother, ſaue him *Balthazar*:
I loued *Horatio*, but hee loued not mee.
Bal. But *Balthazar* loues *Belimperia*.
Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the higheſt, now he is dead.
Bel. Murder, murder: helpe *Hieronimo*, helpe.
Lor. Come, ſtop her mouth: away with her. *Exeunt.*
Enter Hieronimo in his Shirt.
Hiero. What outcry cals me from my naked Bed,
And chils my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before?
Who cals *Hieronimo*? ſpeake, heere I am.
I did not ſlumber, therefore t'was no Dreame.
No, no; it was ſome Woman cride for helpe,
And heere within the Garden did ſhe cry,
And in this Garden muſt I reſcue her.
But ſtay, What murderous ſpectacle is this?
A man hang'd vp, and all the Murderers gone,
And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on mee?
This place was made for Pleaſure, not for Death,
He cuts him downe.
Thoſe Garments that he weares, I oft haue ſeene:
Alaſſe, it is *Horatio* my ſweete Sonne:
O no, but he that whilome was my Sonne.
Oh, was it thou that call'dſt mee from my Bed;
Oh ſpeake, if any ſparke of life remaine:
I am thy Father; Who hath ſlaine my Sonne?
What ſauage Monſter, not of humane kind,

Heere hath been glutted with thy harmeleſſe blood,
And left thy bloody Corps diſhonoured heere
For mee, amidſt this darke and deathfull ſhades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my Teares?
Oh Heauens, why made you night to couer ſinne?
By day, this deed of darkneſſe had not been.
Oh Earth, why didſt thou not in time deuower,
The vile prophaner of this ſacred Bower.
Oh poore *Horatio*, what hadſt thou miſdone,
To leeſe thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked Butcher, what ſo ere thou wert,
How couldſt thou ſtrangle Virtue and Deſert?
Aye mee moſt wretched, that haue loſt my ioy,
In leeſing my *Horatio* my ſweete Boy.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. My Husbands abſence, makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo!

Hiero. Heere *Iſabella*, helpe me to lament,
For ſighs are ſtopt, and all my teares are ſpent.

Iſa. What world of griefe? My ſonne *Horatio*,
Oh where's the author of this endleſſe woe?

Hiero. To know the author, were ſome eaſe of griefe,
For in reuenge, my heart would find reliefe.

Iſa. Then is he gone? and is my Sonne gone too?
Oh guſh out teares, fountaines and floods of teares:
Blow ſighes, and raiſe an euerlaſting ſtorme,
For outrage fits our curſed wretchednеſſe.
Aye mee *Hieronimo*, ſweete Husband ſpeake.

Hiero. Hee ſupt with vs to night frolicke and merrie,
And ſayd, he would goe viſit *Balthazar*
At the Dukes Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no cuſtome to ſtay out ſo late,
Hee may be in his Chamber, ſome go ſee. *Rodorigo* Ho.

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Iſa. Aye mee, he raues: ſweete *Hieronimo.*

Hiero. True, all *Spaine* takes note of it.
Beſides, he is ſo generally beloued,
His Maieſtie the other day did grace him

With

With waighting on his Cup: theſe be fauours,
Which doe aſſure me he can not be ſhort liued.
Iſa. Sweete *Hieronimo.*
Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha, ſirha, Ile know the truth of all:
Iaques, run to the Duke of *Caſtiles* preſently,
And bid my ſonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his Mother, haue had ſtrange Dreames to night:
Doe yee heare me ſir? *Iaques.* I ſir.
Hiero. Well ſir, be gon: *Pedro*, come hither;
Knoweſt thou who this is?
Ped. Too well ſir.
Hiero. Too well, who? Who is it? Peace *Iſabella*:
Nay bluſh not man,
Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*,
Hier. Ha, ha, Saint *Iames*; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my ſelfe.
Ped. Deluded?
Hiero. I, I would haue ſworne my ſelfe within this houre,
That this had been my Sonne *Horatio*,
His Garments are ſo like: Ha, are they not great perſwaſions?
Iſa. O would to God it were not ſo.
Hier. Were not *Iſabella*? Doeſt thou dreame it is?
Can thy ſoft booſome entertaine a thought,
That ſuch a blacke deed of miſchiefe ſhould be done,
On one ſo pure and ſpotleſſe as our Sonne;
Away, I am aſhamed.
Iſa. Deare *Hieronimo*, caſt a more ſerious eye vpõ thy griefe
Weake apprehenſion giues but weake beliefe.
Hiero. It was a man ſure that was hanged vp heere,
A Youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it ſhould prooue my Sonne now after all,
Say you, ſay you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.
O God; confuſion, miſchiefe, torment, death, and Hell,
Drop all your ſtings at once in my cold booſome,
That now is ſtiffe with horrour; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou infectiue night,

And drop this deed of Murder downe on mee,
Gird in my waſt of griefe, with thy large darkneſſe,
And let mee not ſuruiue, to ſee the light,
May put me in the minde I had a Sonne.

Iſa. O ſweete *Horatio*, O my deareſt Sonne.

Hier. How ſtrangely had I loſt my way to griefe.
Sweete louely Roſe, ill pluckt before thy time.
Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered, but betrayde:
Ile kiſſe thee now, for words with teares are ſtayde.

Iſa. And Ile cloſe vp the Glaſſes of his ſight,
For once theſe Eyes were onely my delight.

Hier. Seeſt thou this Hand-kircher beſmeard with blood?
It ſhall not from mee, till I take reuenge.
Seeſt thou theſe Woundes that yet are bleeding freſh?
Ile not intombe them, till I haue reueng'd:
Then will I ioy amidſt my diſcontent,
Till then, my ſorrow neuer ſhall be ſpent.

Iſa. The Heauens are iuſt, Murder can not be hid:
Time is the author both of Truth and Right:
And Time will bring this treacherie to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Iſabella*, ceaſe thy plaintes,
Or at the leaſt, diſſemble them awhile:
So ſhall we ſooner finde the practiſe out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Iſabella*, now let's take him vp, *They take him vp.*
And beare him in, from out this curſed place:
Ile ſay his Dirge, ſinging fits not this caſe.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
Hiero ſets his breſt vnto his Sword.
Miſceat & noſtro detur medician dolori:
Aut ſi qui faciunt annum oblimia ſuccos,
Prebeat, ipſe metum magnumquicunque per orbem,
Gramina Solpulchras effecit in luminis oras,
Ipſe bibam quicquid meditatur ſaga veneni,
Quicquid & irrani euecca mentia nectit.
Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum ſemel omnis,
Noſter in extincto moriatur pectore ſenſus:
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.

Et tua perpetuus ſepelinit lumina ſomnus.
Emor ira tecum ſic, Sic iunn ire ſub vmbras,
At tamen ab ſiſtam properat accedere letho,
Ne mortem vindictatuam tam nulla ſequatur.

Heere he throwes it from him, and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Brought'ſt thou me hither, to increaſe my paine?
I looke that *Balthazar* ſhould haue been ſlaine:
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is ſlaine,
And they abuſe faire *Belimperia*;
On whom I doted more then all the world,
Becauſe ſhe loued me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkeſt of Harueſt, when the Corne is greene,
The end is growne of euery worke well done:
The Sickle comes not till the Corne be ripe.
Be ſtill, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile ſhew thee *Balthazar* in heauie caſe.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vice. INfortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidſt ſo many helples doubts:
Firſt, we are plac'd vpon extreameſt height;
And oft ſupplanted with exceeding hate:
But euer ſubiect to the wheele of Chaunce;
And at our higheſt, neuer ioy we ſo,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So ſtriueth not the Waues with ſundry Windes,
As Fortune toyleth in the affayres of Kings,
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare, or loue, to Kings, is flatterie:
For inſtance (Lordings) looke vpon our King,
By hate, depriued of his deareſt Sonne;
The onely hope of our ſucceſsiue liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,
Had been inuenomde with ſuch extreame hate:

Bur

But now I see, that Words haue seuerall workes,
And there's no credite in the countenance.
Vil. No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consorted *Balthazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourely coastes the Centre of the Earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.
Vice. No more, *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy Words, thou slayest our wounded thoughts:
Nor shall I longer dally with the World,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the Traytour foorth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter Alexandro, with a Noble man, and Halberts.

Nobl. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.
Alex. But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontents it mee to leaue the World,
With whom there nothing can preuayle but wrong.
Nobl. Yet hope the best.
Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope,
As for the Earth, it is too much infected,
To yeeld mee hope of any of her mould.
Vice. Why linger yee? bring foorth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.
Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles can not stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.
But this, O this, tormentes my labouring soule,
That thus I die, suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as Heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.
Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those Flames,

They bind him to the Stake.

That shall prefigure those vnquenched fires
Of *Phlegeton*, prepared for his soule.
Alex. My guiltlesse death will be auenged on thee,

On

On thee *Villuppo*, that hath malic'd thus,
Or of thy meede, hast falsely mee accusd.
Vil. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menacemee,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy Words shall perish with thy worker:
Iniurious Traytor, monstrous homicide.
Enter Embassadour.
Em. Stay, hold a while; & (here with pardon of his Maiesty)
Lay hands vpon *Villuppo*. (trance?
Vice. Embassadour, what newes hath rug'd this sodaine en-
Emb. Know Soueraigne: I, that *Balthazar* doth liue.
Vice. What say'st thou liueth *Balthazar* our Sonne?
Emb. Your highnesse Sonne I, *Balthazar* doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine*:
Humbly commendes him to your Maiestie:
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kinges commende.
Gines him Letters.
Are happy witnesses of his Highnesse health.
The King looketh on the Letters, and proceeds.
Vice. *Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribute is receiu'd:*
Thy Peace is made, and we are satisfied:
The rest resolue vpon, as things proposde,
For both our honours, and thy benefite.
Emb. These are his Highnesse further Articles.
He giues him more Letters.
Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: Come my Lord, vnbind him:
Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent.
They vnbinde him.
Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could doe no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocencie hath saued
The hopelesse life which thou *Villuppo* sought
by thy suggestions to haue massacred.
Vice. Say false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus

Falsely betray Lord *Alexandroes* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse else,
But euen the slaughter of our dearest Sonne,
Could once haue mooued vs to haue misconceiued.
Alex. Say (treacherous *Villuppo*) tell the King?
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?
Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandroes* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be preferd:
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life.
Vice. Which, villaine, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so meane a torment as we heere
Deuisde for him, who thou saydst slew our Sonne:
But with the bittrest torments and extreames
That may be yet inuented for thine end: *Alex. seemes to intreat.*
Intreat me not, goe take the traytor hence: *Exit Vil.*
And *Alexandro*, let vs honour thee
With publique notice of thy loyaltie,
To end those thinges articulated heere,
By our great Lord the mighty King of *Spaine*,
Wee with our Counsell will deliberate.
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Oh eyes! no eyes, but Fountaines fraught with teares.
Oh life! no life, but liuely forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wronges,
Confusde and fild with murder and misdeedes:
Oh sacred Heauens! if this vnhallowed deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt:
If this incomperable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my Sonne,
Shall vnreuealed and vnreuenged passe,
How should we tearme your dealings to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those that in your iustice truste?
The night, sad secretarie to my mones,
With direfull visions, wake my vexed soule,
And with the Wounds of my distresfull Sonne,

Solicite

Solicite mee, for notice of his death.
The ouglie Feendes doe sallie foorth of Hell,
And frame my steppes to vnfrequented paths,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts,
The cloudy Day, my discontents recordes,
Early begins to register my Dreames,
And driue mee foorth to seeke the murderer.
Eyes, Life, World, Heauens, Hell, Night, and Day,
See, search, shew, send some man,
Some meane that may—*A Letter falleth.*
What's heere, a Letter? tush, it is not so:
A Letter written to *Hieronimo*. *Red incke.*
For want of Incke, receiue this bloody Writ,
Me hath my hapless Brother hid from thee:
Reuenge thy selfe on Balthazar *and him:*
For those were they, that murdered thy Sonne:
Hieronimo, *reuenge* Horatioes *death,*
And better farre, then Belimperia *doth.*
What meanes this vnexpected Miracle?
My Sonne slaine by *Lorenzo*, and the Prince:
What cause had they *Horatio* to maligne?
Or what might mooue thee *Belimperia*,
To accuse thy Brother? Had hee been the meane?
Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayde:
And to intrap thy life, this traine is layde:
Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous,
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this, *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,
And of his death, behooues me be reueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne, *Hieronimo*,
But liue t'effect thy resolution:
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather, to confirme this Writ,
And harken neere the Duke of *Castiles* house,
Close, if I can, with *Belimperia*,

To listen more; but nothing to betray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hier. Now *Pedringano.*

Ped. Now *Hieronimo.*

Hier. Where's thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, here's my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, Who's this, *Hieronimo?*

Hier. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Belimperia.*

Lor. What to do, *Hieronimo?* The Duke my Father hath
Vpon some disgrace, a while remooued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her off,
Tell mee *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.

Hier. Nay, Nay (my Lord) I thanke you, it shall not need,
I had a shute vnto her but too late,
And her disgrace makes mee vnfortunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo?* vse me

Hier. Who you, my Lord?
I reserue your fauour for a greater honour.
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Y'fayth my Lord, tis an idle thing, I must confesse,
I ha been too slacke, too tardie, too remisse, vnto your Honor.

Lor. How now *Hieronimo?*

Hier. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a Sonne, or so:
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell

Hier. My griefe no hart, my thought no toung can tell. *Exit.*

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned Villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reueald *Horatios* death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my companie.

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's such,
As feare, or flattering words, may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent
That ere I vsde him in this enterprize.
But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,
Giues him more Gold.
And harken to mee; Thus it is: disguisde,
This night thou must (and pre'thee so resolue)
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Luygs* Parke:
Thou know'st tis here hard by behind the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;
For die he must, if we doe meane to liue.
Ped. But how shall *Serberine* be there, my Lord?
Lor. Let mee alone, Ile send to him to meete
The Prince and mee; where thou must doe this deed.
Ped. It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meete him there.
Lor. When things shall alter, (as I hope they will)
Then shalt thou mount for this: thou know'st my minde.
Che le leron. *Exit Pedringano.*

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord.
Lor. Goe firra, to *Serberine*, and bid him foorthwith
Meete the Prince and mee at *S. Luygs* Parke,
Behind the house, this euening, Boy.
Pag. I goe, my Lord.
Lor. But firra, let the houre be eight a clocke:
Bid him not fayle.
Pag. I flie, my Lord. *Exit.*
Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,
Vpon precise commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder haples *Serberine*.
This must we worke, that will auoyde distrust,
Thus must we practise to preuent mishap:
And thus one ill, an other must expulse.
This sly inquirie of *Hieronimo* for *Belimperia*, breedes suspition.

And this ſuſpition, boades a further ill.
As for my ſelfe, I know my ſecret fault,
And ſo doe they; but I haue dealt for them:
They that for Coyne their ſoules endangered,
To ſaue my life; for Coyne ſhall venture theirs:
And better tis that baſe companions die,
Then by their life, to hazard our good haps;
Nor ſhall they liue, for me to feare their fayth:
Ile truſt my ſelfe, my ſelfe ſhall be my friend:
For die they ſhall; ſlaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

Enter Pedringano with a Piſtoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano*, bid thy Piſtoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauour mee,
Giue but ſucceſſe to mine attempting ſpirit,
And let me ſhift for taking of mine ayme:
Here is the Gold, this is the Gold propoſde,
It is no Dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is poſſeſt thereof;
And he that would not ſtraine his Conſcience
For him, that thus his liberall Purſe hath ſtretcht,
Vnworthy ſuch a fauour may he fayle;
And wiſhing, want, when ſuch as I preuaile:
As for the feare of apprehenſion,
I know (if need ſhould be) my noble Lord
Will ſtand betweene mee and enſuing harmes:
Beſides, this place is free from all ſuſpect,
Heere therefore will I ſtay, and take my ſtand.

Enter the Watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expreſſely chargde to watch?

2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.

3 But we were neuer wont to watch nor ward,
So neere the Duke his houſe before.

2 Content your ſelfe, ſtand cloſe, there's ſomewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere *Serberine*, attend and ſtay thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzoes* Page appoynt,
That thou by his commaund ſhouldſt meete with him:

How

How fit a place, if one were so disposde,
Mee thinkes this corner is to close with one.
Ped. Heere comes the Bird that I must ceaze vpon;
Now *Pedringano*, or neuer, play the man.
Ser. I wonder that his Lordship stayes so long,
Or wherefore should he send for mee so late?
Ped. For this *Serberine*, & thou shalt he't: *Shoots the Dog.*
So, there hee lies; my promise is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.
2 And heer's one slaine; stay the Murderer.
Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell,
Hee strines with the Watch.
Who first layes hold on me, Ile be his Priest.
3 Sirra confesse, (and therein play the Priest,)
Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?
Ped. Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.
3 Come sir, you had been better kept your Bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.
2 Come, to the Marshals with the Murderer.
1 On, to *Hieronimo*: helpe mee heere,
To bring the murdered Body with vs too.
Ped. *Hieronimo*? Carry mee before whom you will,
What ere he bee, Ile answere him and you.
And doe your worst, for I defie you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?
Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.
Bal. What mischiefe is it that we not mistrust.
Lor. Our greatest illes, we least mistrust (my Lord)
And in expected harmes, doe hurt vs most.
Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our Honour, and your owne?
Lor. Not you, nor mee (my Lord) but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great;
That by those base confederats in our fault
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
We are betrayde to old *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Betrayde, *Lorenzo*? tush it cannot be.
Lor. A guiltie Conscience, vrged with the thoughte
Of former euile, easily cannot erre:
I am perswaded, and disswade me not,
That all's reuealde to *Hieronimo*;
And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus. *Enter Page.*
But here's the *Page*: How now, what newes with thee?
Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.
Bal. Who, *Serberine* my man?
Page. Your Highnes man, my Lord.
Lor. Speake *Page*, Who murdered him?
Pag. Hee that is apprehended for the fact.
Lor. Who?
Pag. *Pedringano.*
Bal. I, *Serberine* slaine, that loued his Lord so well,
Iniurious Villaine, murderer of his friend?
Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?
My Lord, let me intreat you to take the paines,
To exasperate and hasten his reuenge,
With your complaints vnto my Lord the King:
This their dissention, breedes a greater doubt.
Bal. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,
Or else his Highnes hardly shall denie.
Meane while, Ile haste the Marshall Sessions:
For die he shal for this his damned deed. *Exit Bal.*
Lor. Why so; this fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience bidds the wise to deale:
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the poynt:
I set the Trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the Bird was limde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,
Must looke like Fowlers, to their dearest friends;
Hee runnes to kill, whom I haue holpe to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching hatch;
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one (in mine opinion)
When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

Enter

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.
Mes. My Lord.
Lor. What's hee?
Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.
Lor. From whence?
Mes. From *Pedringano*, that's imprisoned.
Lor. So, he is imprisoned then?
Mes. I, my good Lord.
Lor. What would he with vs?
He writes vs heere: *To stand good Lord, helpe him in distresse, &c.*
Tell him, I haue his Letters, know his minde;
And what we may, let him assure him off.
Fellow be gone, my Boy shall follow thee. *Exit Mes.*
This workes like Wax, yet once more try thy wittes,
Boy, goe, conuey this Purse to *Pedringano*.
Thou knowest the Prison, closely giue it him,
And be aduisde that none be there about:
Bid him be merry still, but secret.
And though the Marshals Sessions be to day,
Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie;
Tell him, his Pardon is alreadie signde,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolude:
For were he readie to be turned off,
(As tis my will the vttermost be tryde;)
Thou with his Pardon, shalt attend him still:
Shew him this Box, tell him his Pardons in't:
But open't not, and if thou louest thy life;
But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnknowne,
He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.
Page. I goe (my Lord) I runne.
Lor. But sirra, see that this be cleanly done. *Exit Page.*
Now standes our fortune on a tickle point,
And now, or neuer, ends *Lorenzoes* doubts:
One onely thing is vneffected yet,
And that's to see the Executioner,
But to what end? I bid not trust the Ayre,
With vtterance of our pretence therein,

For feare the priuie whispering of the Winde,
Conuey our Words amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

Et quel que voglio Il nessun le sa,
Intendo io quel mi bassara. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Box.

Boy. My Maister hath forbidden mee to looke in this Box; and by my honesty tis likely, if he had not warned mee, I should not haue had so much idle time: for wee Mens-kind in our minotitie, are like Women in their vncertaintie; That, they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: So I now. By my bare credite, here's nothing but the bare emtie Box: were it not sinne against Secrecie, I would say, it were a peece of Gentleman-like knauerie: I must goe to *Pedringano* and tell him, his Pardon is in this Box; nay I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I can not choose but smile, to thinke, how the villaine will flout the Gallowes, scorne the Audience, and descant on the Hang-man; and all presuming of his Pardon from hence. Wil not be an odde ieast, for mee to stand and grace euery ieast he makes, poynting my finger at this Box, as who should say, Mocke on, heer's thy Warrant? Ist not a scuruie ieast, that a man should ieast himselfe to death? Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I could not weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne;
And doe them iustice, when vniustly wee,
For all our wrongs, can compasse no redresse.
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come by Iustice (of the Heauens)
To know the cause, that may my cares alay?
This toyles my Body, this consumeth Age,
That onely I, to all men iust must bee,
And neither Gods nor Men, be iust to mee.

Depu. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your Office askes
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hier. So ist my dutie to regard his death,

Who

Who when he liued, deserued my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For heere lies that, which bids mee to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano with a Letter in his hand, bound.

Depu. Bring foorth the Prisoner, for the Court is set.

Pedr. Gramarcie Boy: But it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord a new,
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten mee:
But sith he hath remembred mee so well;
Come, come; come on, when shall we to this geare?

Hier. Stand foorth thou Monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the World,
Confesse thy folly, and repent thy fault,
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short worke: Well, to your Marshalship.
First, I confesse, (nor feare I death therefore)
I am the man, t'was I slew *Serberine*.
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

Depu. I, *Pedringano*.

Ped. No, I thinke not so.

Hier. Peace impudent, for thou shalt find it so,
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as Iudge,)
Be satisfied, and the Law discharged.
And though my selfe can not receiue the like,
Yet will I see that other haue their right.
Dispatch, the fault approoued, and confest;
And by our Law he is condemn'd to die.

Enter Hangman.

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?

Ped. To doe what, my fine officious knaue?

Hang. To goe to this geare.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward; thou would'st faine furnish me with a Halter, to disfurnish mee of my Habite:
So I should goe out of this geare my Raiment, into that geare the Rope:
But Hang-man, now I spie your knauerie, Ile not change

without boote, that's flat.

Hang. Come sir.

Pedr. So then I must vp?

Hang. No remedie.

Pedr. Yes, but there shall be for comming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Pedr. How, to be cutned off?

Hang. I truly: Come, are you readie? I pray you sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Pedr. What, doe you hang by the houre? if you doe, I may chaunce to breake your old custome.

Hang. Fayth you haue no reason, for I am like to breake your young necke.

Pedr. Doest thou mocke mee, Hang-man? pray God I be not preserued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas sir, you are a foote too low to reach it; and I hope you will neuer grow so high, while I am in the Office.

Pedr. Sirra, doest see yonder Boy with the Box in his hand?

Hang. What hee that poynts to it with his finger?

Pedr. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him, not: but what of him?

Pedr. Doest thou thinke to liue till his old Doulet will make thee a new Trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeare after, to trusse vp many an honester man then either thou, or hee.

Pedr. What hath hee in his Box, as thou thinkest?

Hang. Fayth, I can not tell, nor I care not greatly: Mee thinkes you should rather harken to your soules health.

Pedr. Why sirra Hang-man, I take it, that that is good for the Body, is likewise good for the Soule; and it may be, in that Box is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art been the merriest peece of Mans-flesh that ere groand at my Office doore.

Ped. Is your rogarie become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnesse, that see you seale it with a Theeues name.

Ped. I prethee, request this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I marry sir, this is a good motion: my Maisters, you

see

see heere's a good fellow.

Pedr. Nay, nay, now I remember mey, let this moment
some other time, for now I haue no gentle [illegible]

Hiero. I haue not seene a [illegible]
O monstrous times, where Murder is set so light,
And where the Soule, that should be spring in Heauen,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in the thornie passages,
That intercepts it sense of happiness.
Murder, O bloody monstery God forbid,
A fault so foule, should scape vnpunished,
Dispatch, and see the execution done,
This makes mee to remember thee my Sonne. *Exit Hiero.*

Pedr. Nay lost, no haste.

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you? Haue you hope of life?

Pedr. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Pedr. Why Rascall, by my Pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.

Hauers him off.

Depu. So Executioner, conuey him hence;
But let his Body be vnburied:
Let not the Earth be choaked, or infect
With that, which Heauen contemnes, & Men neglect. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the Earth?
Or mine Exclaimes, that haue suchrg'd the Ayre,
With ceaselesse Plaints, for my deceassed Sonne?
The blustring Windes, conspiring with my Words,
At my lament, haue mooued the leaselesse Trees,
Disroabd the Meadowes of their flowred greene,
Made Mountaines Marsh, with spring-tide of my Teares:
And broken through the brazen Gates of Hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured Soule,
With broken Sighes, and restlesse Passions,
That winged, mount, and hoouering in the Ayre:

But at the Windowes of the brightest Heauens,
Soliciting for Iustice and Reuenge:
But they are Plac'd in those imperiall heights,
Where, countermur'd with walles of Diamond,
I find the place impregnable, and they
Resist my woes, and giue my words no way.

Enter Hang-man with a Letter.

Hang. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir the man sir, *Petergade*, Sir, hee that was so full of merry conceites.

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a faire Commission to the contrarie. Sir, heere is his Passport, I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee; giue it mee.

Han. You will stand betweene the Gallowes and mee.

Hier. I, I.

Han. I thanke your L. Worship. *Exit Hang-man.*

Hier. And yet, though somewhat neerer me concernes,
I will to ease the griefe that I sustaine,
Take truce with Sorrow, while I read on this.

My Lord, I write, as my extreames requirde,
That you would labour my deliuerie;
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death, I shall reueale the truth:
You know (my Lord) I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewards, and hopefull promises,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio *too.*

Holpe hee to murder mine *Horatio*,
And actors in th'accursed Tragedie?
Was't thou *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar*, and thou,
Of whom my Sonne, my Sonne deserued so well:
What haue I heard? What haue mine eyes beheld?
O sacred Heauens, may it come to passe,
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smothered, and so long concealde,
Shall thus be this reuenged or reueald:
Now see I what, I durst not then suspect,

That *Bellimperias* Letter was not fained:
Nor fained she, though falsely they haue wrong'd
Both her, my selfe, *Horatio*, and themselues.
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of euery accident, I pere could find,
Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
They did, what heauen vnpunisht should not leaue.
O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering lookes?
Is this the honour that thou didst my Sonne?
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soule and mee!
Was this the ransome he reserv'd for thee?
Woe to the cause of these constrained Warres,
Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie.
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soule,
Thy cursed Father, and thy conquered selfe,
And band with bitter execrations bee,
The day and place where he did pitie thee:
But wherefore waste I mine vnfruitfull words,
When nought but blood, will satisfie my woes?
I will goe plaine mee to my Lord the King,
And cry aloude for Iustice through the Court,
Wearing the Flints with these my withered Feete,
And either purchase Iustice by intreates,
Or tire them all with my reuenging threats.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella, and her Mayde.

Isa. So that you say, this Hearbe will purge the Eyes,
And this the Head: Ah, but none of them wil purge the Heart:
No there's no Medicine left for my Disease,
Nor any Phisicke to recure the Dead! *She runnes lunaticke.*
Horatio, O where's *Horatio?*

Maid. Good Madame, affright not thus your selfe,
With outrage for your Sonne *Horatio*,
Hee sleepes in quiet in the *Elizian* Fieldes.

Isa. Why, did I not giue you Gownes, and goodly things,
Bought you a Whistle and a Whipstalcke too:
To be reuenged on their villanies?

Maid. Maddame, these humours doe torment my soule.

Isa. My soule, poore soule, thou talkes of things

Thou

Thou know'st not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts mee vp vnto the highest Heauens
To Heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*,
Back'd with a troupe of fierie Cherubins,
Dauncing about his newly healed Wounds,
Singing sweet Hymnes, and chaunting heauenly notes;
Rare Harmonie to greete his innacencie,
That liude: I, dide a mirrour in our dayes.
But say, where shall I finde the men, the Murderers,
That slew *Horatio*? Whither shall I runne,
To finde them out that murdered my Sonne? *Exeunt.*

Belimperia at a winnow.

Bel. What meanes this Outrage that is offered mee?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?
No notice; shall I not know the cause,
Of this my secret and suspitious illes?
Accursed Brother, vnkind murderer,
Why bends thou thus thy minde to martire mee?
Hieronimo, why write I of thy wronges?
Or why art thou so slacke in thy muenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea*, that thou sawest
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio*, handled thus,
And him for me, thus causelesse murdered.
Well, sorce perforce, I must constriane my selfe
To patience, and applie me to the time,
That heauen (we haue hoped) shall set me free.

Enter Christophel.

Chris. Come, Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be.

Enter Lorenzo. Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre thinges go well,
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or els, my Lord, I liue not.

Lor. Boot's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leaue that to him with whom he sojourns now,
Heere take my Ring, and giue it *Christophell*,
And bid him let my Sister be enlargde,
And bring her hither straight.

This

This that I did, was for a policie,
To smooth and keepe the Murder secret;
Which as a nine dayes woonder, being ore-blowne,
My gentle Sister will I now inlarge.

Bal. And time (*Lorenzo*,) for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lore. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away.
But that's all one; (my Lord) you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth mee vp:
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs;
As for her Sweet-heart, and concealement so,
Ieast with her gently; vnder fained ieast,
Are things conceald, that els would breed vnrest.
But heere she comes.

Enter Belimperia.

Lor. Now Sister?

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no Brother, but an Enemie:
Else wouldst thou not haue vsed thy Sister so:
First, to affright mee with thy Weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company:
And then to hurry mee like Whirle-winds rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederats:
And clapt mee vp where none might come at mee,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wronges.
What madding furie did possesse thy witte?
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Aduise you better *Belimperia*,
For I haue done you no disparagement:
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserued,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour? Why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it;

Lor. His Highnesse, and my Father, were resolu'd,
To come conferre with old *Hieronimo*,

Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the *Vice-roy* was determined.
Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?
Bal. Haue patience *Belimperia*, heare the rest.
Lor. Mee (next in sight) as Messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the Prince,
And (vnexpected) in an Arbour there,
Found *Belimperia* with *Horatio*.
Bel. How then?
Lor Why then, remembring that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had endurd,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanely accompanied:
Thought rather (for I know no readier meane)
To thrust *Horatio* foorth my Fathers way.
Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Least that his Highnesse should haue found you there.
Bel. Euen so (my Lord) and you are witnesse,
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You (gentle Brother) forged this for my sake;
And you (my Lord) were made his instrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?
Lor. Your melancholy (Sister) since the newes
of your first fauourite *Don Andreas* death,
My Fathers old wrath hath exasperate.
Bal. And better wast for you (being in disgrace)
To absent your selfe, and giue his furie place.
Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?
Lor. That were to ad more Fewel to the Fire,
Who burnt like *Aetna*, for *Andreas* losse.
Bel. Hath not my father then enquird for mee?
Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excusde I thee.
He whisperth in her eare.
But *Belimperia*, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Loue, behold young *Balthazar*,
Whose passions by thy presence, are increast;

And

And in whose melancholy, thou may'st see
Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience;
Too politicke for mee, past all compare
Since last I saw you; but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy Beautie then, that conquers Kings:
Of those thy Tresses, *Ariadnes* twins:
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde:
Of that thine iuorie Front, my sorrowes Map,
Wherein I see no Hauen to rest my Hope.

Bel. To loue, & feare, and both at once, my Lord;
In my conceite, are things of more import,
Then Womens wittes are to be busied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. *Belimperia.*

Bel But I, that feare.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. *Belimperia.*

Lor. Feare your selfe?

Bel. I Brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those, that when they loue, are loth, & feare to lose.

Bal. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as wee:
Est tremulo me tui pauidem iunxere timori,
Et vanum stolidæ proditionis opus. *Exit.*

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
Weele goe continue this Discourse at Court.

Bal. Led by the Load-starre of her heauenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppressed *Balthazar*,
As ore the Mountaines walkes the wanderer,
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meetes them.

1. By your leaue sir.

Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,

Nor as you thinke: you're wide all:
These Slippers are not mine, they were my Sonne *Horatios*:
My Sonne, and what's a Sonne?
A thing begot within a paire of Minutes, there about:
A lumpe bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue
To ballace those light creatures we call Women:
And at nine months end, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a Sonne?
To make a Father dote, raue, or runne madde.
Being Borne, it pewles, cryes, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a Sonne?
He must be fedde, be taught to goe, and speake:
I, or yet; Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kidde, as for a Sonne?
Mee thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt,
Should moone a man, as much as doth a Sonne:
For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good vse; where as a Sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeares,
The more vnsquarde, vnbeuelled he appeares;
Reckons his Parents among the rancke of Fooles,
Strikes care vpon their heades with his mad Ryots,
Makes them looke old, before they meete with age:
This is a Sonne: and what a losse were this, considered truly?
O but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours: hee loued his louing Parents;
Hee was my comfort, and his Mothers ioy,
The very Arme that did hold vp our House:
Our hopes were stored vp in him.
None but a damned Murderer could hate him:
Hee had not seene the backe of nineteene yeare,
When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince *Balthazar*:
And his great mindetoo full of Honour,
Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble *Portingale*.
Well, Heauen is Heauen still,
And there is *Nemesis*, and Furies,
And things called Whippes;

And they sometimes doe meete with Murderers,
They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on: and steales, and steales
Till violence leapes forth like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leaue haue you: I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue, if you can leaue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my L. the Dukes?

Hie. The next way from me.

2 To his house we meane.

Hie. O, hard by, tis yon house that ye see.

2 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there?

Hie. Who, my Lord *Lorenzo*?

1 I, sir.

He goes in at one dore, and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbeare, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,
But if you be importune to know
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then list to mee, And Ile resolue your doubt:
There is a path vpon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,
Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare,
A darkesome place and dangerous to passe;
There shall you meete with melancholie thoughts,
Whose balefull humors if you but vphold,
It will conduct you to dispaire and death:
Whose rockie cliffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Doth cast vp filthie and detested fumes.
Not farre from thence, where murtherers haue built,
A habitation for their cursed soule:
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*
In his fell wrath, vpon a sulphire flame;
Your selues shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling Lead, and Blood of innocentes.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

Hier. Ha,ha,ha: why ha,ha,ha? Farewel good ha,ha,ha. *Exit.*
A Doubtlesse this man is passing lunaticke,
Or, imperfection of his age doth make him dote:
Come, let's away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo with a Poyniard in one hand, and a Rope in the other.

Hier. Now sir, perhaps I come and see the King,
The King sees mee, and faine would heare my suite:
Why is not this a strange, and seeld seene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute?
Goe too, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple Gore,
Standeth a firie Towre; there sits a Iudge
Vpon a seate of Steele and molten Brasse:
And twixt his Teeth he holds a Fire-brand,
That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand:
Away *Hieronimo* to him, be gone:
Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatios* death,
Turne downe this Path, thou shalt be with him straight:
Or this, and then thou needs not take thy breath,
This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so,
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatio* murder then?
No, no, fie no: pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and Halter.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them vp againe.

And here Ile haue a fling at him that's flat;
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring,
And thee *Lorenzo*; heere's the King, nay stay:
And heere, I heere: there goes the Hare away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Vice-roy sayth,
Hath he receiued the Articles we sent?

Hier. Iustice, O Iustice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Backe, seest thou not the King is busie?

Hier. O is he so?

King.

King. Who is he that interrupts our businesse?

Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiued, and read,
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promis'd League:
And as a man extreamely ouer-ioy'd,
To heare his Sonne so princely entertain'd,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewayl'd.
This for thy further satisfaction,
And Kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the Mariage of his Princely Sonne
With *Belimperia*, thy beloued Neece;
The newes are more delightfull to his soule,
Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended Heauens:
In person therefore will he come himselfe,
To see the Mariage rites solemnized:
And in the presence of the Court of *Spaine*,
To knit a sure inexplicable band
Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of *Spaine* and *Portingale*.
There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Belimperia*.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-royes loue?

Cast. No doubt (my Lord) it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his Friend,
And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his Sonne:
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,
That bendes his liking to my Daughter thus.

Emb. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes sent,
(Although he send not that his Sonne returne)
His Ransome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hiero. Horatio, Who calles *Horatio*?

King. And well remembred, thanke his Maiestie:
Heere, see it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice, Iustice gentle King.

King. Who is that, *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice: O my Sonne, my Sonne:
My Sonne, whom nought can ransome or redeeme.

Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well aduisde?

Hier.

Hiero. Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse:
Giue mee my Sonne, you shall not ransome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,
Hee diggeth with his Dagger.
And ferrie ouer to the *Elizian* plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly woundes
Stand from about mee, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshalship:
For Ile goe Marshall vp my Feendes in Hell,
To be auenged on you all, for this.

King. What meanes this outrage?
Will none of you restraine his furie

Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to striue.
Needes must he goe, that the Diuels driue. *Exit.*

King. What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo?*
I haue not seene him to demeane him so,

Lor. My gracious Lord he is with extreame pride,
Conceiued of young *Horatio* his Sonne:
And couetous of hauing to himselfe,
The Ransome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Destract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Beleeue mee Nephew we are sorie for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:
But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,
The Princes Ransome; let him haue his due,
For what he hath, *Horatio* shall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus hapleslie distract.
Tis requisite his office be resignde.
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may be a witnesse of the match
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Belimperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,

Wher-

Wherein the Mariage shall be solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.
Emb. Therein your Highnesse highly shall content
His Maiestie, that longes to heare from hence.
King. On then, & heare your Lord Embassadour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iaques and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Maister thus,
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
When Man and Bird and Beast are all at rest,
Saue those that watch for Rape and bloody Murder?
Ped. O *Iaques*, know thou that our Maisters minde
Is much distraught since his *Horatio* died:
And now his aged yeares should sleepe in rest,
His heart in quiet; like a desperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childish, for his Sonne:
Sometimes as he doth at his Table sit,
He speakes as if *Horatio* stood by him,
Then starting in a rage, falles on the earth,
Cryes out *Horatio*, Where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreame griefe and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of Man.
See, heere he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I pry through euery creuice of each Wall,
Looke at each Tree, and search through euery Brake:
Beate on the Bushes, stamps our grandame Earth,
Diue in the Water, and stare vp to Heauen:
Yet cannot I behold my Sunne *Horatio*.
How now, Who's there, Sprights, Sprights?
Ped. We are your Seruants that attend you Sir.
Hier. What make you with your Torches in the darke?
Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you heere.
Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd:
Was I so madde to bid you light your Torches now,
Light me your Torches at the mid of noone,
When as the Sun-god rides in all his glory,
Light me your Torches then.
Ped. Then we burne day-light.

Hier. Let it be burnt, Night in a murderous slut,
That would not haue her treasons to be seene;
And yonder pale-fac'd Hee-cat there the Moone,
Doth giue consent to that is done in darknesse:
And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are Aglots on her Sleeue, Pinnes on her Traine:
And those that should be powerfull and diuine,
Doe sleepe in darknesse, when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not (faire sir) with tempting words,
The Heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou lyest, and thou doest nought
But tell mee, I am madde: thou lyest, I am not madde.
I know thee to be *Pedro*, and hee *Iaques*.
Ile proone it to thee; and were I madde, how could I?
Where was shee the same night, when my *Hora*, was murdred?
She should haue shone: Search thou the Booke: (grace
Had the Moone shone in my Boyes face (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know had the murderer seene him,
His weapon would haue fall'd and cut the Earth:
Had he been framde of naught but blood and death:
Alacke, when Mischiefe doth it knowes not what,
What shall we say to Mischiefe?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, come in a doores,
O seeke not meanes so to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed *Isabella*, we doe nothing heere,
I doe not cry, aske *Pedro*, and aske *Iaques*:
Not I indeed, wee are very merry, very merry.

Isa. How? be merry heere, be merry heere.
Is not this the place, and this the very Tree,
Where my *Horatio* died, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was, doe not say what: let her weepe it out:
This was the Tree, I set it of a Kirnell,
And when our hot *Spaine* could not let it grow,
But that the Infant and the humaine sappe
Began to wither; duely twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine Water:

At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
Till at the length it grew a Gallowes, & did beare our Sonne,
It bore thy fruite and mine: O wicked, wicked Plant.

One knockes within at the doore.

See who knockes there.

Perdo. It is a Painter sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none liues, but painted comfort:
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chaunce:
Gods will, that I should set this Tree.
But euen so maisters, vngratefull seruants, reard from nought,
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God blesse you sir.

Hier. Wherefore? Why, thou scornefull Villaine?
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest?

Isa. What wouldst thou haue good fellow?

Paint. Iustice, Madame.

Hier. O ambitious Beggar, wouldst thou haue that,
That liues not in the world?
Why, all the vndelued Mynes cannot buy
An ounce of Iustice, tis a Iewell so inestimable:
I tell thee, God hath ingrossed all Iustice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him.

Pain. O then I see, that God must right me for my murdred sonne.

Hier. How, was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I sir: no man did hold a Sonne so deare.

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lye,
As massie as the Earth, I had a Sonne,
Whose least vnualued Haire did waigh
A thousand of thy Sonnes: and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas sir, I had no more but hee.

Hier. Nor I, nor I: But this same one of mine,
Was worth a legion: but all is one.
Pedro, Iaques: goe in a doores *Isabella* goe,
And this good fellow, heere and I,
Will range this hidious Orchard vp and downe,
Like to two Lyons reaued of their young.

Goe in a doores I say. *Exeunt.*

The Painter and hee sits downe.

Come, lets talke wisely now.
Was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I sir.

Hier. So was mine.
How doo'st take it? Art thou not some time madde?
Is there no trickes that comes before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord, yes sir.

Hier. Art a Painter? Canst paint me a Teare, or a Wound?
A Groane, or a Sigh? Canst paint me such a Tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you haue heard of my painting:
My name's *Bazardo.*

Hie. Bazardo? afore-God an excellent fellow. Looke you sir
Doe you see; I'de haue you paint me my Gallerie
In your Oyle cullours matted: and draw me fiue
Yeares younger then I am. Doe you see sir, let fiue
Yeares agoe: Let them goe like the Marshall of *Spaine,*
My wife *Isabella* standing by me
With a speaking looke to my Sonne *Horatio:*
Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose:
God blesse thee my sweete sonne; and my hand leaning vpon
his head thus sir: doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well sir.

Hiero. Nay, I pray marke mee sir:
Then sir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree,
Canst paint a dolefull cry?

Paint. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry: but all is one.
Well sir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with villaines swords, hanging vpon this tree.
Canst thou draw a Murderer?

Pain. Ile warrant you sir,
I haue the patterne of the most notorious Villaines,
That euer liued in all *Spaine.*

Hiero. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Art,
And let their beardes be of *Iudas* his owne cullour:
And let their eye-browes iutty ouer: in any case obserue that.

Then

Then sir, after some violent noyse,
Bring me foorth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme,
With my Torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp thus:
And with these wordes.

What noyse is this who calles Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Paint. Yea sir.

Hie. Well sir, then bring me foorth, bring me through allie and allie, still with a distracted countenaunce going along, and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap.

Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles towling, the Owle shriking, the Toades croking, the Minutes ierring, and the Clocke striking twelue.

And then at last sir, starting, behold a man hanging: And tottring, and tottring as you know the winde will weaue a man, and I with a trice to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my Torch, finde it to be my sonne *Horatio*.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.
Draw mee like old *Priam* of *Troy*.
Crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire,
As the Torch ouer thy head. Make mee curse,
Make me raue, make me cry, make me mad.
Make me well againe, make me curse Hell,
Inuocate and in the ende, leaue me
In a traunce, and so foorth,

Paint. And is this the end.

Hie. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madnesse.
As I am neuer better then when I am mad,
Then me thinkes I am a braue fellow,
Then I doe wonders: But reason abuseth me,
And there's the torment, there's the hell:
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the Murderers,
Were he as strong as *Hercules*, thus would I
Teare and dragge him vp and downe.

He beates the painter in, then comes out againe, with a Booke in his hand.

Vindicta mihi.
I, Heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill,
Nor will they suffer Murder vnrepaydo:
Then stay *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoynt a time.
Persœlus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For euils vnto ils conductors bee:
And death's the worst of resolution:
For hee that thinkes with Patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Fatasi miseros iuuant habes salutem,
Fatasi vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.
If Destinie thy Miseries doe ease,
Then hast thou Health, and happy shalt thou be.
If Destinie deny thee life *Hieronimo*,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a Tombe:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen coueretb him that hath no buriall.
And to conclude, I will reuenge his death:
But how? not as the vulgar wittes of men,
With open, but ineuitable ils:
As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindshipp will be cloaked best:
Wise men will take their opertunitie,
Closely, and safely fitting things to time:
But in extreames, Vantage hath on time:
And therefore all times fit not for Reuenge:
Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,
Dissembling quiet, in vnquietnesse:
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly, I will let it slip:
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor ought auailes it me to menace them:
Who, as a Wintry storme, vpon a Plaine,
Will beare me downe with their Nobilitie.

No,

No, no, *Hieronimo*; thou must enioyne
Thine Eyes to obseruation, and thy Tongue
To milder speaches then thy Spirits affoord:
Thy Heart to patience, and thy Hands to rest:
Thy Cappe to curtesie, and thy Knee to bow,
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.

A noyse within.

How now, What noyse? What coyle is that you keepe?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,
That you should plead their Cases to the King.

Hier. That I should plead their seuerall Actions?
Why let them enter, and let mee see them.

Enter three Citizens, and an old man.

1. So, I tell you this, for Learning and for Law,
There's not any Aduocate in *Spaine*,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That hee will, in pursute of equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men that thus importune mee;
(Now must I beare a face of grauitie)
For this I vsde before my Marshalship,
To plead in causes as *Corriegdor*,
Come on sirs, What's the matter?

2. Sir, an Action.

Hier. Of Batterie?

1. Mine of Debt.

Hier. Giue place.

2. No sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3. Mine an Eiection *Firma* by Lease.

Hier. Content you sirs, Are you determined
That I should plead your seuerall Actions?

1. I sir, and heere's my Declaration.

2. And heere is my Band.

3. And heere is my Lease. *They give him Papers.*

Hier. But wherefore stand you silly man, so mute,
With mournefull eyes, and hands to Heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy Cause?

Senex.

Senex. O worthy Sir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May moue the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the corsicke Rockes with ruthfull teares.
Hier. Say Father, tell mee, what's thy sute?
Senex. No sir, could my Woes,
Giue way vnto my most distresfull Words,
Then should I not in Paper, (as you see)
With Incke bewray, what Blood began in mee.
Hier. What's heere? *The humble Supplication,*
of Don Bazulto *for his murdered Sonne.*
Senex. I sir.
Hier. No sir, it was my murdred Sonne, Oh my Sonne,
Oh my Sonne, Oh my Sonne *Horatio.*
But mine, or thine *Bazulto*, be content:
Heere take my Handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see
The liuely portract of my dying selfe.
He draweth out a bloody Napkin.
O no not this, *Horatio* this was thine,
And when I dide it in thy deerest Blood,
This was a token twixt thy soule and mee,
That of thy death, reuenged I should bee.
But heere, take this, and this: what my Purse?
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one, are our extremities.
1. Oh, see the kindnesse of *Hieronimo*,
This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.
Hier. See see, Oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*,
See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:
Behold the sorrowes and the sad laments
That he deliuered for his Sonnes decease.
If loue effects so strines in lesser thinges,
If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wittes,
If loue expresse such power in poore estates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Tost with the winde and tide, doth threaten then
The vpper billowes course of waues to keepe,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deepe:

Then

Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo*, to neglect
The swift reuenge of thy *Horatio*?
Though on this earth Iustice will not be found,
Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion,
Knocke at the dismall gates of *Plutos* Court,
Getting by force (as once *Alcides*)
A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Hagges,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
Yet least the triple headed Porter should
Denie my passage to the flimie Strond,
The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeite:
Come old Father, be my *Orpheus*,
And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of the sore hearts griefe,
Till we do gaine, that *Proserpine* may graunt
Reuenge on them that murdered my Sonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Teare the Papers.

1 O sir my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my Bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my Bond.

3 Alas my Lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you (my Lord) haue torne the same.

Hier. That can not be, I gaue them neuer a Wound,
Shew me one drop of Blood fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

Bazulto remaynes till Hieronimo Enters againe, who staying him in the face, speaketh.

Hier. And art thou come *Horatio*, from the deapth,
To aske for Iustice in this vpper Earth,
To tell thy Father thou art vnreuegde,
To wring more teares from *Isabellas* eyes:
Whose Lights are dim'd with ouer-long laments?

Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to *Eacus*,
For heere's no Iustice; gentle Boy, be gone:
For Iustice is exiled from the Earth.
Hieronimo will beare thee company.
Thy Mother cryes on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust Reuenge against the Murderers.

Senex. Alas (my L.) whence springs this troubled speach?

Hier. But let mee looke on my *Horatio*:
Sweete Boy, art thou changde in Deaths blacke shade;
Had *Proserpine* no pitty on thy youth,
But suffered thy faire crimson culloured Spring,
With withered Winter, to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art elder then thy Father:
Ah, ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your young Sonne.

Hier. What, not my Sonne, thou then a Furie art
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke Night,
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim *Minos* and iust *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for *Horatios* death.

Baz. I am a greeued man, and not a Ghost
That came for Iustice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee, now thou nameſt my Sonne:
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe,
Within thy Face my ſorrowes I may ſee:
Thy Eyes are dim'd with teares, thy Cheekes are wan:
Thy Forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring Lips
Murmure ſad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy ſighes thy Spirit breathes,
And all this ſorrow riſeth for thy Sonne:
And ſelfe ſame ſorrow feele I for my Sonne.
Come in old man, thou ſhalt to *Iſabel*,
Leane on my arme: I thee, thou mee, ſhalt ſtay,
And thou, and I, and ſhee, will ſing a Song:
Three partes in one: but all of diſcords fram'd:
Talke not of Cords, but let vs now be gone,
For with a Cord *Horatio* was ſlaine.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Belimperia.

King. Goe Brother, tis the Duke of *Castile* cause,
Salute the *Vice-roy* in our name.

Cast. I goe.

Vice. Goe foorth *Don Pedro*, for thy Nephewes sake,
And greete the Duke of *Castile*.

Ped. It shall be sir.

King. And now to meete the *Portingales*,
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kinges and Commaunders of the Welterne *Indies*.
Wel-come (braue *Vice-roy*) to the Court of *Spaine*,
And wel-come all his Honourable traine.
Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue to kingly croft the Seas,
Sufficed it in this, we note the truth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.
So is it that mine honorable Neece:
For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,
Alreadie is betroth'd to *Balthazar*,
And by appoyntment, and our Condiscent,
To morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertaine thy traine,
Thy followers their pleasure, and our peace,
Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so,
If I, say so: if not, say flatly, no.

Vice. Renowmed King, I come not all vnthinkt of,
With doubtfull followers, vnresolued men,
But such as haue vpon thine Articles,
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire *Belimperia* with my *Balthazar*,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see:
Heere take my Gowne, I giue it her and thee,
And let me liue a solitarie life,
In ceaselesse Prayers,
To thinke how strangely Heauen hath thee preserued.

King. See Brother see, how Nature striues in him,
Come worthy *Vice-roy*, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fits this princely mood.
Vice. Or heere, or where your Highnesse thinke it good.

Exeunt all but Cas. and Lor.

Cast. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let mee talke with you:
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kings?
Lor. I doe my Lord, and ioy to see the same.
Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is?
Lor. For her (my Lord) whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme their promised Mariage.
Cast. Shee is thy Sister?
Lor. Who, *Belimperia*? I my gracious Lord:
And this is the day that I haue longed so happily to see.
Cast. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happinesse.
Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.
Cast. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*,
And in his suites towards his Maiestie,
Still keeps him backe, & seekes to crosse his suite.
Lor. That I, my Lord?
Cas. I tell thee Sonne, my selfe haue heard it said
When (to my sorrow) I haue been ashamed
To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne.
Lorenzo, knowst thou not the common loue,
And kindnesse that *Hieronimo* hath wonne
By his desertes, within the Court of *Spaine*?
Or seest thou not the King my brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his deal?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And hee exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour wert in this assemblie
Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,
To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?
Tell mee, and looke thou tell mee truly,

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lies not in *Lorenzos* power
To stoppe the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A small aduantage makes a Water-breach;
And no man liues, that long contenteth all.

Cas. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keepe backe
Him, and his Supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my L. haue seene his Passions,
That ill beseemd the presence of a King:
And for I pittied him in his distresse,
I held him thence with kind and courtious words,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cas. *Hieronimo* (my Sonne) mistakes thee then?

Lor. (My gracious Father, beleeue me) so he doth.
But what's a fillie man distract in minde,
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,
Twere good (my Lord) that *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcild, if he misconster mee.

Cas. *Lorenzo*, thou hast said, it shall be so,
Goe one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Balthazar and Belimperia.

Bal. Come *Belimperia*, *Balthazar's* content,
My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith Heauen hath ordaind thee to be mine,
Disperse those Clouds and melancholy Lookes,
And cheare them vp with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heauens faire beautie lies.

Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue;
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sunne

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.
I see my Lord my Father.

Bal. Truce my Loue; I will goe salute him.

Cas. Welcome *Balthazar*, welcome braue Prince,
The Pledge of *Castiles* peace:

And welcome *Belimperia*: How now girle?
Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,
We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier Loue,
But *Balthazar*, heere comes *Hieronimo*,
Ile haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Seruant.

Hiero. And wher's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hiero. Euen so: what new deuice haue they deuised trow?
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Ist I will be reuengde? no, I am not the man.

Cas. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cas. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short?
Then Ile begon, I thanke you for't.

Cas. Nay, stay, *Hieronimo*: goe call him sonne.

Lor. Hieronimo, my father craues a word with you.

Hiero. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Cas. Hiero, I heare you find your selfe agreued at my Son.
Because you haue not accesse vnto the King:
And say tis hee that intercepts your suites.

Hiero. Why is not this a Miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. Hieronimo, I hope you haue no cause,
And would be loth that one of your desertes,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your Sonne *Lorenzo*, whom my noble Lord,
The hope of *Spaine*, mine honorable friend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

Ile

Ile meete him face to face to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reportes of such
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much,
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or crosse my suite, that loued my Sonne so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, I neuer gaue you cause,

Hiero. My good Lord, I know you did not,

Cas. There pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile *Ciprians* ancient seate,
And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it:
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. I mary, my Lord and shall.
Friendes (quoth he) see, Ile be friendes with you all:
Specially with you my louely Lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friendes, the world is suspicious,
And men may thinke what we imagaine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot?

Hier What else, it were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my request,
Let vs entreat your company to day. *Exeunt.*

Hiero. Your Lordshipes to commaund,
Tha: Keepe your way.
Mi, chi mifa? Pui Correzza Che non sult
Tradito niba otrade vle. *Exit.*

Enter Ghost and Reuenge.

Ghost.

Awake *Erictha*, *Cerberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,
To combate *Achinon* and *Erichus* in hell,
For neerd by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton*:
Nor ferried *Caron* to the firie lakes,
Such fearefull sights, as poore *Andrea* sees
Reuenge, awake.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduisde,
To sleepe, away: What, art warnd to watch?

Reuen. Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble mee.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, If Loue, as Loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuaylance in Hell:
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynd in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.

Re. Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon
Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet is my mood soliciting their soules:
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*
Cannot forget his Sonne *Horatio*.
Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he sleepe awhile;
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found,
And slumbring is a common worldly wile.
Behold *Andrea* for an instaunce, how
Reuenge hath slept; and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to destinie.

Enter a dumbe shew.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this mysterie.

Reuen. The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,
As bright burning as the myd-dayes Sunne:
But after them, doth *Himen* hie as fast,
Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth mee, thy meaning's vnderstood,
And thankes vnto thee, and those infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a Louers woe:
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Reuen. Thus argue not, for thou hast thy requeſt. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Belimperia and Hieronimo.

Bel. IS this the loue thou bearst *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnesse that thou counterfaites?

Are

Are theſe the fruites of thine inceſſant teares?
Hieronimo, are theſe thy paſſions,
Thy proteſtations, and thy deepe lament,
That thou wert wont to weary men withall?
O vnkind Father! O deceitfull World!
With what excuſes canſt thou, ſhew thy ſelfe?
With what diſhonour, and the hate of men,
From this diſhonour and the hate of men,
Thus to neglect the life and loſſe of him,
Whom both my Letters, and thine owne beliefe,
Aſſures thee, to be cauſeleſſe ſlaughtered?
Hieronimo, for ſhame *Hieronimo*,
Be not a Hiſtorie to after times,
Of ſuch ingratitude vnto thy Sonne:
Vnhappy Mother of ſuch Children then:
But monſtrous Father, to forget ſo ſoone
The death of thoſe, whom they with care and coſt,
Haue tendred ſo, thus careleſſe, ſhould be loſt.
My ſelfe a Stranger, in reſpect of thee:
So loued his life, as ſtill I wiſh their deaths:
Nor ſhall his death be vnreueng'd by mee,
Although I beare it out for faſhions ſake,
For heere I ſweare, in ſight of Heauen and Earth,
Shouldſt thou neglect the loue thou ſhouldſt retaine,
And giue it ouer, and deuiſe no more,
My ſelfe ſhould ſend their hatefull ſoules to Hell,
That wrought his downefall, with extreameſt death.

Hier. But may it be that *Belimperia*,
Vowes ſuch reuenge as ſhee hath daind to ſay?
Why then I ſee that Heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saintes doe ſit ſoliciting,
For vengeance on thoſe curſed Murderours.
Madame tis true, and now I find it ſo:
I found a Letter written in your name,
And in that Letter, how *Horatio* dyed.
Pardon, O pardon *Belimperia*,
My feare and care in not beleeuing it,
Nor thinke, I thoughtleſſe thinke vpon a meane,

To let his death be vnreuenged at full:
And heere I vow, so you but giue consent,
And will conceale my resolution:
I will ere long, determine of their deaths,
That causelesse thus haue murdered my Sonne.

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent conceale,
And ought that may effect for mine auaile,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.

Hiero. Oh then, whatsoeuer I deuise,
Let me intreat you grace my practises:
For why, the plot's already in my head,
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now *Hieronimo*: What, courting, *Belimperia*?

Hiero. I my Lord, such courting, as I promise you
She hath my heart; but you my Lord, haue hers.

Lor. But now *Hieron* or neuer, we are to intreat your helpe.

Hie. My help? why my good Lords, assure your selues of this,
For you haue giuen me cause, I by my honour haue you.

Bal. It pleasd you at th'entertainement of the Embassadour,
To grace the King so much as with a Shew:
Now were your Studie so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport
To entertaine my Father with the like:
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well?

Hier. Is this all?

Bal. I, this is all.

Hier. Why then Ile fit you, say no more:
When I was young, I gaue my minde,
And plyde my selfe to fruitlesse Poetrie:
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the World.

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marry (my good Lord) thus:
And yet mee thinkes you are too quicke with vs.
When in *Tolledo*, there I studied,
It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie,

See heere my Lords, *He shewes them a Booke.*
Which long forgot, I found this other day:
Now would your Lordships fauour mee so much,
As but to grace mee with your acting it,
I meane, each one of you to play a part:
Assure you, it will proue most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assemblie?

Bal. What, would you haue vs play a Tragedie?

Hier. Why? *Nero* thought it no disparagment,
And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight
To make experience of their Wittes, in Playes.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a question.

Bal. In fayth *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,
Ile make one?

Lor. And I, another.

Hier. Now (my good Lord) could you entreat
Your Sister *Belimperia* to make one;
For whats a Play without a Woman in't?

Bel. Little intreatie shall serue mee *Hieronimo*,
For I must needs be imployed in your Play.

Hier. Why this is well: I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue been acted
By Gentlemen, and Schollers too:
Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be sayd, by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speake:
If (as it is our Country manner)
You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hie. That shall I roundly. The Chronicles of *Spaine*,
Record this written of a Knight of *Rhodes*:
Hee was betrothed, and wedded at the length
To one *Perseda*, an *Italian* Dame,
Whose Beautie rauished all that her beheld;
Especially the soule of *Soliman*:
Who at the Mariage, was the chiefest guest:
By sundry meanes sought *Soliman* to winne
Persedas loue, and could not gaine the same:

Then gan he breake his passions to a friend,
One of his *Bashawes*, whom he held full deare,
Her had this *Bashaw* long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbandes death: this Knight of *Rhodes*,
Whom presently by treacherie he slew.
She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew *Soliman*:
And to escape the *Bashawes* tyrannie.
Did stab her selfe: and this is the Tragedie,

Lor. O excelent;

Bel. But say, *Hieronimo*, What then became of him
That was the *Bashaw*?

Hie. Mary thus, mooued with remorse of his misdeedes
Ran to a mountaine top and hang himselfe.

Bal. But which of vs is to performe that part?

Hier. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it,
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hie. Great *Soliman* that Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hie. *Erasto*, the Knight of *Rhodes*.

Bel. And I?

Hie. *Perseda*, chaste, and resolute.
And heere, my Lords are seuerall abstracts drawne,
For each of you to note your partes,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must prouide a Turkish cappe,
A blacke mustacio, and a Fauchion. *Giues a paper to Bal.*
You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of *Rhodes*.
Giues another to Lor.
And Madame, you must attyre your selfe.
Giues Bel. another.
Like *Phœbe*, *Flora*, or the Huntresse,
Which to your descretion shall seeme best.
And as for me my Lords, Ile Looke to one,
And with the Ransome that the *Vice-roy* sent,

So

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it so.
Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinkes a Comedie were better.
Hier. A Comedie, fie, Comedies are fit for common wits,
But to present a Kingly troupe with-all,
Giue me a stately written Tragedie,
Tragedia cothernata, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things,
My Lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first nights reuelling,
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one howers meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.
Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In *Paris*, mongst the French Tragedians.
Hier. in *Paris*, mas and well remembred,
There's one thing more that rest's for vs to doe.
Bal. Whats that *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing:
Hier. Each one of vs must act his part,
In vnknowne languages,
That it may breed the more varietie,
As you my Lord in Latin: I, in Greeke.
You in Italian: and for because I know
That *Belimperia* hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.
Bel. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.
Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.
Hier. It must be so, for the conclusion,
Shall proue the inuention, and all was good:
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wonderous shew besides,
That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,
Assure your selfe shall make the matter knowen,
And all shall be concluded in one Sceane,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnesse.
Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus my Lord, wee must resolue
To sooth his humors vp.

Bal. On then *Hieronimo*, farewell till soone.

Hiero. Youle plie this geere?

Lor. I warrant you. *Exeunt all but Hieronimo.*

Hiero. I why so: Now shall I see the fall of *Babylon*,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie nor pittie mooues
The King to Iustice or compasion:
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued Sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these branches, and these lothsome boughes
Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine.
Downe with them *Isabella*, rent them vp,
And burne the roots from whence the rest is sprung,
I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this Garden plot,
Accursed complot of my miserie:
Fruitelesse for euer may this Garden be,
Barren the earth, and blesselesse whosoeuer
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.
An Easterne winde commixt with noysome ayres,
Shall blast the plants and the young Saplings,
The earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect,
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:
There murdered, died the sonne of *Isabell*,
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace.
See where his Ghost solicites with his woundes
Reuenge on her that should Reuenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy sonne,
For Sorrow and Dispaire hath cited me,

To

To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*:
Make haſt *Hieronimo* to hold excluse
Thy negligence in purſuite of their deaths,
Whoſe hateſull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doeſt delay their deaths,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, beſtirre me to no ende:
And as I curſe this tree from further friute,
So ſhall my wombe be curſed for his ſake:
And with this weapon will I wound the breſt,
The hapleſſe breſt that gaue *Horatio* ſucke.

She ſtabs her ſelfe.

Enter Hieronimo, he knockes vp the Curtaine.

Enter the Duke of Caſtile.

Caſt. How now *Hieronimo*, where's your fellowes.
That you take all this paine?

Hier. O ſir, it is for the Authours credite,
To looke that all thinges may goe well:
But good my L. let me intreat your Grace,
To giue the King the coppie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we ſhew.

Caſt. I will *Hieronimo*.

Hier. One thing more my good Lord.

Caſt. What's that?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,
That when the traine are paſt into the Gallerie,
You would vouchſafe to throw me downe the key.

Caſt. I will *Hieronimo*. *Exit Caſt.*

Hier. What are you readie *Balthazar*?
Bring a Chaire and a Cuſhion for the King.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done *Balthazar*, hang vp the Title:
Our Sceane is *Rhodes*: what, is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Diſpatch for ſhame, are you ſo long? *Exit Balt.*
Bethinke thy ſelfe *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy wittes, recount thy former wronges
Thou haſt receiued by murder of thy Sonne.

And lastly, not least; how *Isabell*,
Once his Mother, and thy dearest Wife,
All woe be-gone for him; hath slaine her selfe.
Behooues thee then *Hieronimo*, to be reueng'd.
The plot is layde of diere Reuenge:
On then *Hieronimo*, pursue Reuenge;
For nothing wants, but acting of Reuenge. *Exit Hiero.*

Enter Spanish King, Vice-roy, Duke of Castile, and their traine.

King. Now *Vice-roy*, shall we see the Tragedie
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour,
Performde of pleasure, by our Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew, *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece?

Vice. Who, *Belimperia?*

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall,
At whose request they deine to doo't themselues.
These be our pastimes in the Court of *Spaine*.
Heere Brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper,
This is the Argument of that they shew. *He giues him a Booke.*

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo *in sundry Languages, was thought good to be set downe in English, more largely, for the easier vnderstanding to every publique Reader.*

Enter Balthazer, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Balth. BAshaw, that *Rhodes* is ours, yeeld Heauen the honour,
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet:
And be thou grac'd with euery excellence,
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering *Rhodes*, is lesse
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nimph
Perseda, blisfull Lampe of excellence,
Whose eyes compell like powerfull Adamant,
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to waite.

King. See *Vice-roy*, that is *Balthazar* your Sonne,
That represents the Emperour *Soliman*:
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Vice.

Vice. I, *Belimperia* hath taught him that,
Cast. That's because his minde runs all on *Belimperia.*
Hier. What euer ioy earth yeelds, beside your Maiestie.
Bal. Earth yeelds no ioy, without *Perseda* loue.
Hier. Then let *Perseda* on your Grace attend.
Bal. She shall not waight on me, but I on her,
Drawne by the influence of her lightes, I yeeld:
But let my friend the *Rhodian* Knight come foorth,
Erasto, dearer then my life to mee,
That he may see *Perseda* my beloued.

Enter Erasto.

King. Heere comes *Erasto*, looke vpon the plot,
And tell me brother, what part playes he?
Bel. Ah, my *Erasto*, welcome to *Perseda.*
Era. Thrise happie is *Erasto*, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to *Erastoes* ioy,
Sith his *Perseda* liues, his life suruiues.
Bal. Ah *Basoan*, heere is loue betwixt *Erasto*,
And faire *Perseda*, soueraigne of my soule.
Hier. Remoue *Erasto* mightie *Soliman*,
And then *Perseda* will be quickly wonne.
Bal. *Erasto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perseda neuer will remoone her loue.
Hier. Let not *Erasto* liue to griue great *Soliman.*
Bal. Deare is *Erasto* in our princely eye.
Hier. But if he be your riuall, let him die.
Bal. Why let him die, so loue commaundeth me,
Yet grieue I that *Erasto* should so die.
Hier. *Erasto*, *Soliman* saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by mee, his highnesse will:
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employde. *Stab him.*
Bel. Aye me *Erasto*, see *Soliman*, *Erasto's* slaine.
Bal. Yet liueth *Soliman* to comfort thee.
Faire Queene of beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gratious eye behold his griefe,
That with *Persedaes*, beautie is encreast,
If by *Persedaes* griefe be not releast.
Bel. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,

Relentlesse are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pittilesse and base,
Which sceazd on my *Erasto*, harmelesse Knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power *Perseda*, doeth obey:
But were she able, thus, she would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince; *Let her Stab him.*
And on her selfe, she would be thus reueng'd. *Stab her selfe.*

King. Well sayd old Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But *Belimperia* playes *Perseda* well.

Vice. Were this in earnest *Belimperia*,
You would be better to my sonne then so?

King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo?*

Hier. Mary, this followes for *Hieronimo*:
Heere breake we off our sundry Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue:
Happely you thinke, but bootelesse be your thoughts:
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,
To die to day for (fashioning our Sceane)
The death of *Aiax*, or some *Romane* Peere,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience,
No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopelesse father of a haplesse sonne,
Whose tongue is turn'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errours in the Play.
I see your lookes vrge instance of these wordes:
Behold the reason vrging me to this.

He shewes his dead sonne.

See heere my shew, looke on this spectable:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:
Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse hereft:
But hope, hart, treasure, ioy, and blisse,
All fled, failde, dyed; yea all decayde with this.
From foorth these woundes came breath that gaue me life:

They

They murdered me that made these fatall markes:
The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate:
The hate, *Lorenzo* and yound *Balthazar*:
The loue, my sonne to *Belimperia*:
But night, the a coherer of accursed crimes,
With pitchie silence husht the traytors harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had sorted leasure,
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my Sonne, my deare *Horatio*:
There mercilesse they Butchered vp my Boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death:
Hee shrikes, I heard, and yet mee thinkes I heare
His dismall outcrie eccho in the ayre:
With soonest speed I hasted to the noyse,
Where hanging on a tree I found my Sonne,
Through girt with woundes, and slaughtered as you see:
And greeued, I (thinke you) at this spectacle?
Speake *Portingales*, whose losse resemble mine,
If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*,
Tis like I waild for my *Horatio*.
And you my Lord, whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himselfe vnseene,
And rated me for braine-sicke lunacie:
Which God amende, that mad *Hieronimo*,
How can you brooke our Playes Catastrophe?
And heere behold this bloodie Hand-kercher,
Which at *Horatios* death, I (weeping) dipt
Within the riuer of his bleeding woundes:
Is as propitious: see, I haue reserued,
And neuer hath it left my bloodie hart,
Soliciting remembrance of my Vow:
With these, O these accursed murderers;
Which now performde, my hart is satisfied:
And to this end, the *Bashaw* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzoes* life,
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of *Rhodes*,
That I might kill him more conueniently.

So *Vice-roy*, was this *Balthazar* thy Sonne,
That *Soliman*, which *Belimperia*
In person of *Perseda* murdered:
Solely appoynted to that tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her?
Poore *Belimperia* mist her part in this:
For though the Storie sayth, she should haue died,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But loue of him (whom they did hate too much)
Did vrge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold *Hieronimo*,
Author, and Actor, in this Tragedie:
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I end my Play.
Vrge no more words, I haue no more to say.

He runnes to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken *Vice-roy*, hold *Hieronimo*,
Brother, my Nephew and thy Sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayde, my *Balthazar* is slaine.
Breake ope the doores; run, saue *Hieronimo*.

They breake in and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, doe but informe the King of these euentes,
Vpon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hier. Vice-roy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne:
Accursed wretch, why staiest thou him that was resolud to die.

King. Speake traytor, damned bloody murderer speake,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake:
Why hast thou done this vndeseruing deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Cast. Why hast thou Butchered both my children thus?

Hier. But are you sure that they are dead?

Cast. I slaine, too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too?

Vice. I, all are dead; not one of them suruiue.

Hier. Nay then I care not: come, and we shall be friends,
Let vs lay our heades togeather:
See, heere's a goodly nooze will hold them all.
Vice. O damned Deuill, how secure he is.
Hier. Secure, why doest thou wonder at it?
I tell thee *Vice-roy*, this day I haue seene reueng'd,
And in that fight, am growne a prouder Monarch,
Then euer sate vnder the Crowne of *Spaine*:
Had I as many liues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to go to, as those liues,
Ide giue them all, I and my soule to boote,
But I would see thee ride in this red poole.
Cast. Speake, Who were thy confederates in this?
Vice. That was thy Daughter *Belimperia*,
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine:
I saw her stab him.
Hier. O good wordes: as deare to me was my *Horatio*,
As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.
My guiltlesse Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,
And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at last reuenged thorowly.
Vpon whose soules may Heauens be yet reuenged
With greater farre, then these afflictions.
Mee thinkes since I grew inward with *Reuenge*,
I cannot looke with scorne enough on Death.
King. What, dost thou mocke vs, slaue, bring torturs forth.
Hier. Doe, doe, doe; and meane time Ile torture you:
You had a Sonne (as I take it) and your Sonne
Should ha'e been married to your daughter? ha, wast not so?
You had a Sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew:
Hee was proud and politicke: had hee liued,
He might a come to weare the Crowne of *Spaine*.
I thinke twas so: twas I that killed him,
Looke you this same hand, twas it that stab'd
His hart, doe ye see this hand,
For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him?
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers Garden:
One that did force your valiant Sonne to yeelde,

While your valiant Sonne did take him priſoner.

Vice. Be deafe my Sences; I can heare no more.

King. Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy ſad ruines.

Caſt. Rowle all the World within thy pitchy cloude.

Hier. Now doe I applaude what I haue acted.

Nunc mers cadat manus.

Now to expreſſe the rupture of my part,
Firſt, take my Tongue, and afterward my Heart.

Hee bites out his Tongue.

King. O monſtrous reſoluion of a Wretch:
See *Vice-roy*, he hath bitten foorth his Tongue,
Rather then to reueale what wee requird.

Caſ. Yet can hee Write.

King. And if in this he ſatisfie vs not,
Wee will deuiſe th'extreameſt kind of death,
That euer was inuented for a Wretch.

Hee makes ſignes for a Knife to mende his Pen.

Caſ. O, hee would haue a Knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduiſe thee, that thou write the troth.
Looke to my Brother: Saue *Hieronimo.*

Hee with the Knife ſtabs the Duke and himſelfe.

King. What age hath euer heard ſuch monſtrous deeds?
My Brother, and the whole ſucceeding hope
Of *Spaine* expected, after my diſceaſe.
Goe beare his body hence, that we may mourne
The loſſe of our beloued Brothers death,
That hee may be intomb'd what ere befall:
I am the next, the neereſt laſt of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs:
Take vp our hapleſſe Sonne, vntimely ſlaine,
Set mee with him, and hee with woefull mee
Vpon the maine Maſt of a Ship vnmand,
And let the Winde and Tide hale mee along
To *Sillas* barking, and vntamed griefe:
Or to the lothſome Poole of *Acheron*,
To weepe my want for my ſweete *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale.* *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spaine mourning after his Brothers body: and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghost, and Reuenge.

Ghost. I, now my Hopes haue end in their effectes:
When Blood and Sorrow finish my Desires:
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower,
Vile *Serberine* by *Pedringano* slaine:
False *Pedringano* hang'd by quaint deuice,
Faire *Isabella* by her selfe mis-done,
Prince *Balthazar* by *Belimperia* stab'd,
The Duke of *Castile* and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by old *Hieronimo*:
My *Belimperia* saine as Dido fell.
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by him selfe:
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I begge at louely *Proserpine*,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may consort my Friends in pleasing sort;
And on my Foes, worke iust and sharpe Reuenge.
Ile lead my friend *Horatio* through those Fieldes,
Where neuer dying Warres are still inurde.
Ile lead faire *Isabella* to that traine,
Where Pittie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my *Belimperia* to those Ioyes,
That Vestall Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse.
Ile lead *Hieronimo* where *Orphins* playes,
Adding sweete pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say *Reuenge*, for thou must helpe, or none,
Against the rest, how shall my hate be showne?

Reuenge. This hand shall hale them downe to depest Hell,
Where nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.

Ghost. Then sweete *Reuenge*, doe this at my request,
Let mee be iudge, and doome them to vnrest.

Let loose poore *Tityus* from the *Vultures* gripe,
And let *Don Ciprian* supply his roome.
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* Wheele:
And let the Louers endlesse paines surcease:
Iuno forgets old wrath, and graunts him ease.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimeras* necke,
And let him there bewayle his bloody Loue.
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
Let *Serberine* goe roule the fatall Stone,
And take from *Sicipus* his endlesse moane.
False *Pedringano* for his tretcherie,
Let him be dragde through boyling *Acheron*:
And there liue, dying still in endlesse flames,
Blaspheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Reuenge.

Then haste we downe to meete thy Friends and Foes:
To place thy Friends in ease, the rest in woes:
For heere, though Death hath end their miserie,
Ile there begin their endlesse Tragedie. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

CAMBRIDGE